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WILLIAM PEART
Commissioner

WILLIAM BOOTH
Founder

WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN THE CENTRAL TERRITORY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E. C., Eng.

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
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See Page 10.

Have You Ever Noticed

When the other fellow acts that way, he is ugly; when you do, it's nerves?

When the other fellow is set in his way, he's obstinate; when you are, it is just firmness?

When the other fellow doesn't like your friend, he's prejudiced; when you don't like his, you are simply showing that you are a good judge of human nature?

When the other fellow tries to treat some one especially well, he's toadying; when you try the same game, you are using tact?

When the other fellow takes time to do things, he is dead slow; when you do it, you are deliberate?

When the other fellow spends a lot, he is a spendthrift; when you do, you are generous?

When the other fellow picks flaws in things, he's cranky; when you do, you are discriminating?

When the other fellow is mild in his manners, he is a mush of concession; when you are, it is being gracious?

When the other fellow gets destructive, it is toughness; with you, it is forcefulness?

When the other fellow dresses extra well, he's a dude; when you do, it is simply a duty one owes to society?

When the other fellow runs great risks in business, he's foolhardy; when you do, you are a great financier?

When the other fellow says what he thinks, he's spiteful; when you do, you are frank?

When the other fellow won't get caught in a new scheme, he's backwoodsy; when you won't, you are conservative?—Exchange.

The War Cry Helped

Municipal T. B. Sanitarium,
Chicago, Ill.,
May 4, 1925.

Editor of the War Cry:

I want to thank you for the War Cry so generously supplied to the patients here. It brought about my own salvation last Christmas eve. I had always thought myself a good Christian! But God through the War Cry made me see and realize my lost condition, so I went to Him in prayer until the peace of God came into my heart and I knew my sins were washed away in the blood of the Lamb. Praise God for His many blessings to me. He keeps me day by day. I am anxious to serve God in the Army and I know He will open the way.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) Mrs. Ingrid Strom.

Men are great or small in stature, as it pleases God, but their nature is great or small, as it pleases themselves. By an act of the will, man can make out of himself a moral giant or dwarf himself into a pigmy.

Have You Made a Will?

May we suggest that if you have not done so, it is important you should.

May we also suggest that by naming the Salvation Army for a legacy you can, in addition to aiding its work while you are with us—and we hope you may long continue in health and strength—help provide for its perpetuation and extension after you have gone?

The following form of bequest may be used. Any information or advice will be gladly furnished upon application, direct or through legal advisers, to Commissioner W. Peart, 719 N. State Street, Chicago.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give, devise and bequeath unto the Salvation Army, a Corporation under the laws of the State of Illinois, $..... or ..... property, absolutely for the use and purposes of said Religious and Charitable Corporation in support of its religious and charitable work.

(If it is desired that money be used for any particular branch of work, it should be here stated.)

Signed .....

All checks should be made payable to the Salvation Army.

Songs of Salvation

He Died to Save Us All

While shepherds watched, 65. Little ship, 44. C. M. b. C—Eb.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His redeeming love,
And try His works to do.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

Jesus Waits to Pardon

Ab—Bb.

Let me sing to you in a glad refrain
That Jesus waits to pardon you;
Let me tell it over to you again
That Jesus waits to pardon you.
You've tried and always tried in vain,
To free your soul from Satan's reign,
Oh, turn to Jesus, He'll break every chain,
For Jesus waits to pardon you.

Yes, Jesus waits to pardon you,
To freely, freely pardon you.
Jesus waits to pardon you,
To freely pardon you.

What a sad, sad day when you hear no more
That Jesus waits to pardon you.
When the time is past and the season o'er,
That Jesus waits to pardon you.
Ere death shall come and you must die,
Before the days of grace go by,
Turn ye, or you will hear the bitter cry:
"No Jesus waits to pardon you!"

The Man Who Wanted No Religion

SHALL I BE late? Will dad have passed into eternity before my message reaches him?

Many times during the last few miles of his eventful railway journey had the young man asked himself these questions, and as the commercial travelers' express slowed up on entering Manchester station he seized the handle of the carriage door, and, turning to two Salvationists seated at the far end, said, "Good-by. I am off to the telegraph office. I am going to wire dad this message: 'I will meet you in Heaven.'"

This was the climax to what had certainly been a remarkable journey, with many thrilling moments. All was the outcome of the efforts of two Army officers—Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Playle and Brigadier Robert Bell—to "interpret God" to a fellow passenger.

The Colonel, while waiting at Liverpool to board the express to Manchester, had debated with his comrade officer whether the majority of the people who would ride in their compartment were serving God or not. With the object of finding this out he decided to ask all who entered the pointed question: "Do you love God?"

Scarcely were the two Salvationists seated before the first passenger, a commercial traveler, jumped in, and, seating himself in one corner, began to go through his order book. Evidently he was too busy to be bothered. But at once the Colonel said, "Excuse me, sir; but do you love God?"

Down went the commercial's book on his knees. His face lighted up with a happy smile, and he answered, brightly, "Yes, praise the Lord, I am one of His followers!" "Hallelujah!" shouted the Colonel and the Brigadier in unison, and the traveler resumed his writing.

In a few minutes another gentleman of the road entered, and was asked the same question. At once came the reply, "Yes, I love and serve Him!" which brought forth another delighted response from the Salvationists.

Shortly afterwards in jumped a third "commercial," and his answer was, "Yes, sir; I was teaching in the Sunday school yesterday."

The Salvationists could scarcely contain themselves for joy. They contemplated, with pleasure, the prospects of a prayer meeting as soon as the commercial men had finished with the entries in their books. But they were to have one the like of which they could scarcely have expected.

Already the train had begun to steam out of the station when another man jumped in. He was somewhat agitated after his scramble to catch the train. When he had regained his composure the Colonel asked, "Do you love God, sir?" His savage reply would have silenced a less seasoned warrior than the Colonel. "Shut up!" he snarled. "I don't want to know anything about religion."

If there is anything which Colonel Playle welcomes it is a fight; and he at once got to grips, but gently at first. "Don't let us quarrel," he said, persuasively; "that would be a pity. We have only known each other two minutes. Why don't you want to know anything about it?" Before the other could reply the Colonel was telling him in tender tones of the love of God and the need for all to seek salvation.

"Shut up!" the man snapped again as soon as he could get in a word, and then made the startling statement: "I have just come away from home where my father is dying. I went home to see him and remain until he passed away, but he wanted me to promise I would meet him in Heaven. I didn't want anything of that sort, so I hurried away, and now I meet you!"

"Ah!" said the Salvationist, raising a warning finger, "God has given you this chance to seek Him. That is why He has sent you in here."

Then he unfolded to him the plan of salvation, and eventually said to the Brigadier and their other traveling companions, "Come on, let us have a prayer meeting!" Onto their knees they all went, and while the train thundered on its journey pleaded with God for the soul of the unsaved young man.

At length the praying band heard the cry, "I give in! Lord, save me!" Dropping on his knees the young man earnestly sought salvation.

Rising to his feet, his face radiant with joy, his one anxiety now was to let his dying father know of his conversion. Hence his eagerness to reach the telegraph office before the train had scarcely come to a halt at the station platform.

In a few minutes the five had parted, perhaps never to meet again; but it is the hope of Colonel Playle, and the others as well, that the telegram reached his father in time.—London War Cry.

I am a Methodist. My father was a Methodist preacher of the old school, and I find, only recently, that the Salvation Army is like those old circuit riders of the '60s in Iowa. They believe in the OLD TIME RELIGION—in sacrificial effort—and always think of the other fellow first.

Editor of the War Cry, 719 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find $..... for..... subscription to the War Cry to be sent to:

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CORPS ANNOUNCEMENT

Official Gazette

By Authority of The General

Promoted to Glory:

Lieut.-Colonel David E. Dunham, from Detroit, Mich., on May 1, 1925.

Brigadier Alex. McMillan, retired, from Toronto, Ontario, on May 3, 1925.

To Be Captain:

Lieutenant Lewis Keeler, Territorial Headquarters.

Prob.-Captain Samuel Woodgate, Davenport, Iowa.

Births:

To Captain and Mrs. John Morrison, Detroit, Mich., a son, Richard Lee, on April 25, 1925.

To Captain and Mrs. James Cheyne, Battle Creek, Mich., a son, James Garrick, on April 24, 1925.

To Captain and Mrs. Frank Dobney, Pontiac, Mich., a daughter, Ruth Elizabeth Grace, on May 1, 1925.

William Peart
Commissioner.

Coming Events

Commissioner William Peart

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tuesday, May 26. Divisional Inspection.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Saturday, May 30. Memorial Day. Glen Oak Cemetery—Dedication of Salvation Army Burial Ground.

MUNCIE, Ind.—Sunday, June 7. Dedication of New Building. 3 p. m.

MUNCIE, Ind.—Sunday, June 7. Salvation Meeting. 8 p. m.

Colonel Alex. M. Damon

Chief Secretary.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tuesday, May 26. Divisional Inspection.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Saturday, May 30. Memorial Day. Glen Oak Cemetery—Dedication of Salvation Army Burial Ground.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—Wednesday, June 3. Divisional Inspection.

Colonel Alfred A. Chandler

Field Secretary.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tuesday, May 26. Divisional Inspection.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Saturday, May 30. Memorial Day. Glen Oak Cemetery—Dedication of Salvation Army Burial Ground.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—Wednesday, June 3. Divisional Inspection.

Colonel J. C. Addie

Territorial Spiritual Special.

BRAINERD, Minn.—June 3 to 8.
BEMIDJI, Minn.—June 10 to 15.
FERGUS FALLS, Minn.—June 24 to 29.
ST. PAUL, Minn., No. 1.—July 1 to 6.

Territorial Staff Band

CHICAGO, Ill.—Sunday, May 31. Tabernacle Baptist Church.

Evangeline C. Booth
President
William Peart
First Vice-President
Alexander M. Damon
Vice-President
Albert E. Marpurg
Treasurer
John Bond
Editor-in-Chief

WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN THE CENTRAL TERRITORY

ISSUED ONCE A WEEK

THE SALVATION ARMY, Inc.

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VIEWS OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

By Brigadier Matilda Hatcher

Upper Left: Funeral of a leper patient, Semaroeng colony. Lower Left: Koendoer leper colony, South Sumatra. Upper Right: Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Beaumont. Lower Right: Saporea (Java) First corps and headquarters.

"WILL YOU write something in my album?" asked Betty, as she laid an average-sized book on the table and proceeded to adjust a fountain pen.

Turning over the leaves, the visitor remarked, "You have got it fairly well filled. Who are they all?"

"They are all my *friends;* I have not troubled to get distinguished people unless they were personally known to me. Now when I get to the place that seems to me at present to be as illusive as the end of a rainbow, I shall read and re-read these little messages, and every name will bring to my memory a picture of friends and places that will be a joy to me in that unknown future," replied the newly-accepted missionary.

Dear Betty! Hers was a whole-hearted consecration to the service of Jesus Christ. In a few days she would be sailing towards the rising sun, to raise the standard of the Lion of Judah in places where, as yet, it had never been even heard of.

"Don't forget to write to all your friends after you arrive," admonished her visitor.

"My missionary aunt has warned me against making any promise to write letters; she says they are pretty certain to become a burden, heavier than I shall be able to bear," replied Betty, and added, "the most I can say is: I'll try to write sometimes."

But after the first eighteen months the trying was not a success.

Like all other missionaries, when Betty began to get the free use of her tongue in the new language she had less and less time to cultivate personal friendships; not because the new love crowded out the old; but with every new experience her heart grew bigger. Though hearts can be enlarged, however, inexorable time will never expand its hours. So Betty's friends have to be content to pray for her, and look forward to seeing her when the time for her furlough falls due. Meantime they get very little information as to how she spends herself and her days. For her friends, therefore, and those of all who are giving themselves for the salvation of souls in the lands that lie just under the sunrise, we will draw back the curtains and show a little of what they are doing in the Dutch East Indies.

FIRST VIEW

Open-air meeting on Waterloo Plain, in the center of which we see the Army flag waving. Under the shade of the monument a great crowd is gathering, closely surrounded by other attractions—three football teams, a military band, a company of acrobats, and excitement of all kinds. But the crowd around the Army flag is giving splendid attention to the speakers. Now a Javanese sister is giving out a song, which is being sung in the Malay language; now a Chinese brother is testifying, now a Maduranese. A Dutch woman officer sings a solo in Malay, an English officer speaks in Javanese. After that follows the collection, to which the mixed crowd responds generously. An address by an Australian officer in Malay comes in its turn.

For over two hours the Salvationists have held the great crowd without a break, while the other attractions have had only the most meager audiences. As "shadows of the evening steal across the sky," the Army flag is furled and the comrades disperse, leaving behind them many rays of light in hearts that, till that afternoon, had been darker than night.

SECOND VIEW

A renovated building on a main street. Tiled floors, furnished with chairs, lighted with electricity! Can it be possible that into this up-to-date hall will come men and women who have never heard the name of the world's Redeemer? Yes! they are crowding round the small group of Salvationists, gathered outside the door for the opening ceremony.

The new hall is to house the Chinese Corps, and it is largely a non-Christian Chinese crowd that has collected.

The Territorial Commander turns the key and they enter singing "Glory to His Name."

The hall fills up. A new Songster Brigade makes its appearance; all the members are supplied with music, as well as words. The leader of this Javan-Chinese Singing Brigade is an English officer. His friends at home have missed his letters lately; he has been busy in his leisure hours teaching the Chinese how to sing from music. He has done this most successfully. He could not do both.

THIRD VIEW

A candidates' council, on the point of accepting six new cadets from the Celebes. All the members of the council seem subdued and very reverent. The joyful wonder of the work these lads represent has nearly overwhelmed them. Only a few years ago the pioneer officers were sent to the Celebes. They were the first of any of the Lord's hosts to lift up His standard among the fanatical head-hunting tribes. Now they have a goodly number of corps, and have sent *their first six candidates into training.* With the acceptance of these six, a new Training Garrison is opened for Celebeans. No longer will these people be without the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

FOURTH VIEW

A hall, tastefully decorated with palms and evergreens, paper flags of all nations, paper chains, Japanese lanterns, and illuminated stars—a display of wonderful thought and ingenuity in securing a pleasing effect at small cost. Special

singing of old Army songs, in Malay and Javanese, by beggars in a Beggar's Colony.

Ah, alas! These beggars of the East! They have never had an opportunity before to be anything but beggars. Nothing higher for themselves ever came upon the horizon of their longest view till the Salvation Army began to invite them to lift up their eyes unto the hills, where the Sun of Righteousness shone with healing in His wings, even for beggars. Now listen to them singing as heartily as any one our world-wide Army songs. In the visitor's honor they have sung a special welcome song, and have done it well.

But look at them as they leave the meeting! Blind, lame, halt, physically contorted beyond description. Much of it is the result of their own or their parents' sin, ingenuity, or neglect.

Who shall condemn, when there are still so many thousands left in so-called Christian lands whose pity can only be moved by the actual sight of suffering?

But the ax is laid to the root of this tree also. Many have already entered the Kingdom of God, and leave the meeting to go and earn an honest living at dairy-farming, rope-making and other useful industries. The children, among whom there is, happily, less disease and fewer wounds, run off to school where, with every new lesson, the world becomes a greater and more interesting place to their receptive minds.

Somebody's dear friends have been engaged in this self-effacing work for the past twenty years, and may be doing it for the coming twenty; if they do not find time to write to you, you write to them and send all the interesting news and reading you can.

Fifth View.

What beautiful cool hospital wards!

Every bed is occupied; if there were twice as many, the doctor tells us, they would all be filled. The verandas, too, how shady and spacious they are; and what a plaster-strapped and bebandaged crowd is waiting for the doctor.

But it looks as if they were going to have a meeting. They are! A dedication of babies! How we were reminded of the Savior as one by one the doctor takes the seven babies in his arms and dedicates them to God and His service, while our world-wide Flag waves over them. Seven more children admitted to all the privileges of this great strong organization, which stands by all the weak, and goes steadily on, in the strength of God, fighting the enemies of unrighteousness and sin.

The doctor is an all-round man, and also an eye specialist. He has written text-books, which are in use in the leading medical colleges of his native land. Patients come to him from far away—Siam, Ceylon, and even China. Amid the throng that crowd around him daily, he lives the Spirit-filled life, and oh, the glory of it, while daily using his hands and God-given skill to heal and often to open the eyes of the blind, he is all the time leading wounded souls into the Fountain of Jesus' Blood, there to find healing and newness of spiritual life.

Sixth View.

What a variety of shades in color!

The yellow-skinned Chinaman, the copper-colored Malayan, the brown Indian, the dark, olive-tinted Javanese, in groups everywhere, talking freely in their various languages; living in families in houses built after their own design, or easily adapted to suit their requirements, and among them, alone, moves one white woman. She, too, has adapted a house to meet her modest needs.

All the time she must converse in one or other of four strange tongues; her many higher and nobler thoughts she can never express to any one about her. Probably five hundred words compass all the thoughts any of them ever have.

When later on she is able to gather together some children, and begin to teach them to read in the approved language of the country, half will give up at the third standard, and she will have hard work to persuade those who remain that the words and phrases of the fourth reader are not in another foreign language. But she will persevere and overcome, because of the spirit that is in her.

In reply to a cheering letter from her Territorial Commander, who is a few hundred miles away, she has just written: "I am doing my best to keep a brave heart, in spite of loneliness. I don't like being alone, otherwise I am happy and value very much my wonderful opportunities and am trying to fit myself for the work the Lord has graciously given me."

The friends of this officer have received quite a number of letters from her lately, and it has been such a relief for her to talk on paper to those who understand her hopes and aspirations.

Seventh View.

Is this the Garden of Solomon's Song? "A garden enclosed, a spring shut up; a fountain sealed; an orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruit; camphire, with spikenard, spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices; a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters and streams."

No! Solomon's garden is ancient history, and this garden, enclosed, at which we are now looking, is a present reality. We pass through avenues of roses and other flowers dear to our hearts, with scores which we have never before seen. Among the flowers we meet the superintendent of the garden, and **she is a leper.** Born of well-to-do parents, given a good education, she finally developed herself as a horticulturist. Then one awful day her attendant was arrested by the sight of a small white spot on her body, and the dread discovery that her mistress was a leper.

What human mind can plumb the depth of anguish that filled this cultured woman's being and the hearts of those who loved her, as the dread verdict was pronounced? It could only be followed by a life of isolation and a lingering death.

Never again would cool hands stroke her brow or loving lips kiss her tenderly. No more would she hear soft foot-falls and door-handles turned gently by dear relative or known friend, anxious to see if her needs were supplied. Feeling as well and as much alive as she had ever felt, she must go and face the unknown future and spend the rest of her days with those who, like herself, were lepers. She came to an Army leper colony.

The long twenty miles' drive led up to a height of 2,200 feet, winding and dipping and climbing, with an ever-changing panorama of glimpses of the sea and the mountains. Passing plantations of rubber, coca, coffee, tea, fields of rice and maize in various stages of growth, and a wealth of palms and foliage and flowers, she at last reached the place where she must spend the rest of her days.

The only people there who were not lepers were the Salvation Army officers in charge of the colony; they were doing their best to relieve the gloom of their patients with their sunshiny faith for the souls of men and using every known remedy to relieve their bodily pain. Ah, they wondered, what was to be expected of their new patient—so brilliant in mental attainments, so highly cultured, and still so bodily strong?

They made her welcome, placed every possible comfort at her disposal, and tried their best to cheer her; but there was still the impassable gulf. They could not invite her to tea, or suggest a game of tennis together; nor could they give her a hearty handshake, because **she was a leper.** If it caused acute pain to their Christ-like hearts, what must it have meant to the lonely girl who had not yet found the Friend who is Eternal, from whom even leprosy cannot separate us?

The days passed, the Salvationists held their meetings and daily sang and talked of the Comforter who is the Holy Ghost, and, as far as it was possible, drew near to bless and comfort their isolated people.

"Why do they stay? It must be dreary enough for them to be here always and never see any one but groaning, suffering lepers," the lonely girl asked herself one day; "they are free to go, they are not doomed to stay as I am," and she wept hot, rebellious tears.

Then, to while away the time, she began to turn over the leaves of her song-book. Often in the meetings the congregation were allowed to choose their own songs, and as yet she did not know the song-book very well. She picked out one or two, the tunes of which had appealed to her, marked them off, and when the next meeting for song came round, called for one especially. The officer in charge led the song. With the chorus:

I'll follow Thee, of life the Giver,
I'll follow Thee, suffering Redeemer,
I'll follow Thee, deny Thee never—
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee—

came the answer to her question of why the officers stayed. A vision of great usefulness, a task to which she could devote all her remaining days, and something of the "Joy that is set before" became clear to her stricken, tired heart. Broken in spirit, she fell in penitence at the feet of Him who "suffered without the gate," and rose up to share with Him the triumphs of a risen soul.

Walking home through the naturally beautiful surroundings, her trained horticulturist's eye saw the possibilities of transcendent beauty that skilled and trained labor could impart to that fertile spot, already so beautiful for situation. "I will make it like the outer court of Heaven, if they will let me," she resolved.

With great joy, for her own sake and that of their other patients, the officers accepted her voluntary offering. Far and wide they sent appeals for seeds, cuttings, plants and roots. Waves of love from far-distant parts of the earth rolled up, and laid at her feet choice specimens of orchids, palms and flowers. The Territorial Commander made herculean efforts, and succeeded in obtaining almost every variety of rose known to the botanical world.

Flowers and fruit, such as had never before been known in the colony, began to make their appearance in abundance, and in her full life of service for those afflicted like herself, she forgot that **she was a leper.**

As link by link was rent away,
My heart wept blood, so sharp the pain;
But I have lived to count the day
Of temporal loss, eternal gain;
For all that once detained me here
Now draws me to a holier sphere.

Let Us Go to Them!

LET US go to sinners. Where are the men and women going down the steep incline to Hell who have not at times in their history woke up to make a desperate struggle to stop? Have they not seemed to succeed for a season, and then—because men or devils, or circumstances have hindered—lost heart and given up? Let us go to them. We can reckon that the Spirit of God is still striving. There is a spark of fire smouldering somewhere. Let us find it out, and fan it to a flame. Draw them. Show them the advantage of a holy life.

Find out the poorest and most unfriended, whose doorways are seldom darkened by visitors. Interest yourself in their trials and difficulties, whether spiritual or temporal, and help cheer them up in these special particulars. Let them tell you their trouble. It is astonishing how much better they will feel when somebody has listened to the description of the special sorrows that they have to endure.—THE FOUNDER.

Grace, a Free Gift

GRACE MEANS unmerited mercy, undeserved favor. When the truth dawns upon a soul that Christ came to save the unworthy, then only will they accept salvation. The Apostle Peter calls God the "God of all grace," as He is the blessed source of all.

Grace is the free gift of God. The Apostle Paul wrote, "I thank my God always on your behalf for the grace of God, which is given you by Jesus Christ." He wrote fourteen Epistles, and every one of them closes with a prayer for grace, which he calls "the free gift of God."

The first promise ever made to man was a promise of grace. The very last one in Scripture is also one of free grace, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." So the whole revelation of God and the whole history of man is encircled with grace, the free gift of God. Grace devised the great scheme of Redemption. Justice never would; reason never could. It is grace that carries out the wondrous scheme. No sinner would ever have sought his God but for grace. "Out of the knottiest timber," says Rutherford, "God can make vessels of mercy for service in the high place of glory."

"I came, I saw, I conquered," says Toplady, "may be inscribed by the Savior on every monument of grace. I came to the sinner, I looked upon him, and with a look of Omnipotent love I conquered."

There is no merit in taking a gift. If you come to God as a prince, you go away as a beggar; if you come as a beggar, you go away as a prince."

Sin Is Slippery

A tourist returning from the tropics on a large boat, brought with her a very tricky monkey, which annoyed the crew by upsetting their buckets of water on the deck, then scaling the mast and dangling by his tail from the extreme end of the yard-arm and making grimaces at the enraged sailors.

One day the sailors greased the end of the yard-arm, and when Mr. Monkey again tried the trick his tail failed him, down he went into the sea and he has been there ever since.

Many servants of God have sought for personal friends, money, position, ease; and when it has come to them, it has worked like the grease on the yard-arm and another monkey has gone down never to rise again, spiritually. Alas!

Commander Conducts Funeral of Lieut.-Colonel Dunham

Commissioner Mapp, Commissioner Peart and Others Pay Tribute to Departed Comrade. Great Crowds Mourn at Detroit Service.

FUNERAL SERVICES for Lieut.-Colonel David Dunham, formerly Divisional Commander of the Salvation Army in the Michigan Division, were held at Detroit, Tuesday afternoon, and the occasion was used of God for the salvation of souls and the edification of a city.

Standing room at the Detroit Citadel was at a premium long before the time for commencement. Many were unable to enter the auditorium because of the crowd. Those who did get in sat very silent, almost it seemed, to prevent waking the sleeping warrior who lay before them in his flower-decked bower, the first of "Dad Evans' Boys" to answer roll call in the victor's army. Thirty-two years ago there were four of them battling in the old Fourteenth Street headquarters. Monday, one was on the platform, Colonel Damon, the Chief Secretary. Two were elsewhere, Lieut.-Colonel Wood and Brigadier Hunter. "Dave's" soul had winged its way to Glory, his body was asleep.

Many Honor Him.

He slept through it all, through the great procession of friends who passed his couch to give a farewell look, slept through the numbers by the bands, the Detroit, the Flint and the Windsor bands that played so wonderfully in the funeral meeting.

He slept between white-draped flags, between two watching captains and in the midst of a great concourse of Army folk who came to pay a tribute and to use him, even in his long sleep, for the work to which his life had been given, to the Salvation of souls.

He slept as the crowd lifted up the grand old song, "Abide With Me," the song that brought eighty sinners to the fold in the same building not so long ago. Even the mighty prayer of Colonel Miller, Field Secretary for Canada East, failed to awaken him. Perhaps the beautiful song that was sung by the Citadel Songsters may have been a lullaby to bring a deeper slumber.

But though the body slept, the soul of David Dunham must have been gladdened to hear the splendid tribute paid to his record by his old Captain, Commissioner William Peart, a life-long friend and leader of the Army forces in the Central Territory. It was just that, and every word of it was true. There was no need to add aught of verbiage to any recital of the record made in life by Colonel Dunham.

Purest Gold.

"His life was devoted almost wholly to the glory of God and the service of man;" "A rugged type, but purest gold;" "Ever ready to accept responsibility that achievement might take place;" "Endured trials like a good soldier of Jesus Christ." These were some of the words, culled at random from a talk that expressed his leader's high regard.

Followed a number by the Staff Quartette, four saved men who have the great gift of God, the power to bring Heaven's message in song.

There were talks for the soldiers of the Division by Sergeant-Major Beacraft of Flint, for the officers by Adjutant Fookes, Detroit No. 1; corps officers, by the General Secretary, Staff-Captain Robb for the Division, and by Lieut.-Colonel Samuel Withers, the last named speaker referring tenderly to the parallel career which both had enjoyed over a period of many years in the Salvation Army.

Sandwiched in between the talks was a little song, a lilting melody that must have been inspired from heaven. The singer was Captain Grace Dunham, her Dad's "Little Gracie," and she sang the song he loved best in life, the one she had sung for him a thousand times before, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." There was not a dry eye in the place, save her own, when the song ended.

Commissioner Mapp Speaks.

Then came a talk by Commissioner Henry W. Mapp, International Secretary for America, and there was a warmth of feeling in his "Comrades Mine" at the opening. He sought to assure, to comfort and to light the gloomy places. He read verses from the Old Book to prove his case and to cite the highest authority.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life," he read, and "For I know that my Redeemer Liveth." He read other excerpts and with great effect. There were also messages from the General and from Commissioner Higgins, the Chief of Staff, and all of them contained the golden thread of assurance of life to come.

Telegrams were also read by the Chief Secretary, Colonel Damon. These were from Commissioners Sowton and Estill and from Lieut.-Commissioner Gifford, all expressing profound sympathy and regret, as well as joyful assurance that Colonel Dunham had achieved the victor's crown.

Then came another song, "The Old Rugged Cross," by Ensign Herbert Young, after which Commander Evangeline Booth, the national leader for the Army in America, arose to deliver one of the most thrilling and impassioned orations of her career, an oration that brought tears, her own as well as the crowd's.

She spoke of the hard road David Dunham had traveled and of the completeness of every act of his life.

"He had no steps to retrace," she said, "no errors to correct. He has pushed off from the shores of Time with all flags flying, to the shores of the great Eternal Harbor."

Faithful to the End.

She told of the Christian death, of the passing of her own dear ones, the Army Mother and the Founder.

"God's children do not go down to the grave in fear and trembling," she said, "and we praise God that David Dunham was ready to go when the call came"

She assured them that he had not gone, that there had been no breaking of the family circle. "He had just taken another chamber in the house," she said, "and there will be a reunion. You will again sit around the table, for you are united by cords woven in the loom of Calvary. You will meet and you will laugh again and in your laughter there will be nothing of regret or of sorrow."

She quoted "O Death where is thy victory" and supplemented it with, "There is no death for those who love the Lord. The River of Death is but a watery stream wherein we wash off the dust of life."

Just here there was an interlude, a pause, and in the midst of it, the Commander leaned across the railing.

"Mrs. Dunham, do you wish to say something?"

Bravely the sorrowing widow, the woman who had fought at her husband's side ever since that long ago day when they took each other for better or for worse and for God and souls, arose. Bravely she traversed the distance from seat to platform and bravely she faced the crowd to tell them of the lover-husband she had lost.

"He was an old-fashioned father," she said, patting the cheek on one stalwart lad who stood at her side. "He loved me and he loved his boys and girls and he loved his God. We never did anything without asking God about it. Why some of our children were dedicated to God even before they were born."

She made a plea for old-fashioned ways, for the reading of the Bible and for the establishment of the Family Altar and after a little while they led her back again to the seat.

Then the Commander read a verse, one that had carried his testimony in those last pain-racked hours in the hospital. "It's a wonderful verse," she told them.

Commissioner Peart started the closing song, then out of the singing came a thought born of God, a purpose sent straight from heaven. Stopping between verses, the Commander again became vocal in an impassioned plea for souls. She went fishing, too, among the crowd and there was a harkening back to the old days, to the glorious East End times, as she stood on a chair in the middle of the crowd, lifting up the Cross by word and by gesture, that none might miss the glory of His salvation. And God did crown her effort, for the stalwart sons of the departed veteran, the beautiful daughter, and upwards of a dozen others came to kneel in front of the place where David Dunham lay sleeping, to plead for pardon and to receive it, to consecrate themselves to the Master's service.

Then came the march to the depot, for they were taking the fallen warrior back to his old command, St. Louis, for interment. It was a long march, several blocks full of marching Salvationists who walked with measured tread and to the soulful strains of band music. At the head, still sleeping, David Dunham rode atop a white-draped truck, the grand old Army flag across him and flowers all about. At the end they put the gray box wherein he slept, into a grayer box and marched away to carry on, as he had carried on, to win souls as he had won souls and to show by lives made more full for God, that he had not lived and died in vain.

Such was the passing of Lieut.-Colonel David Dunham, long in the van of the Army forces in America and now resting from his labors in that "House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

May 5, 1925.

Commissioner William Peart,
Detroit, Michigan.
My dear Fellow Laborer:

The Bay City Board of Commerce extends to you, and your associates, their need of love and respect to the memory of a knightly soul, whose spirit took its flight in the midst of the bitterly raging fight between the forces of good and evil, and, in the conflict, David Dunham died with his face to the foe.

In any community, where Boards of Commerce are established, side by side with them, the Salvation Army, in its entrenched citadels, wages the conflict to overcome the forces which are destructive of the pure and good; we along civic lines, and you and your militant hosts, on the higher plane of the spiritual and the moral. This fact establishes the community of interest uniting all efforts for the domination of righteousness, and makes this message appropriate and timely.

We wish to pay tribute to the personal character of Col. Dunham. He was a man of commanding presence and impressive public speaker, and fearless in his presentation of the truth. Like Paul of old, he knew but one theme: to wit: "Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

While not a resident, our city, yet we feel that Bay City, with Detroit and the entire State of Michigan, has met with an irreparable loss, and his fidelity and courage set us an illustrious example, while to his companions-in-arms his memory is fragrant and inspiring. He has left a great blank in his field of labor, but, "he being dead yet speaks."

We tender to you, and your associates, our most sincere sympathy and, at the same time, our estimate of the stalwart, manly and courageous champion, for God and the Right, who has gone to his reward.

Faithfully and loyally yours,
President, Bay City Board of Commerce.

May 4, 1925.

Mr. H. G. Robb, Staff-Captain,
Salvation Army,
Detroit, Mich.
My dear Sir:

It is with a sincere feeling of regret that we note the death of Colonel David Dunham, who so recently was in our city and assisted so capably in some of our churches upon the occasion of the visit of the Flint band here.

At a meeting of the Bay County Ministerial Association today it was unanimously moved that, as Secretary, I express to you our deep sympathy in the loss of so worthy a friend and so deep a Christian.

His leadership will be missed and it will present a new challenge to others. Surely, the ways of God are wonderful to behold. Accept our sincerest sympathy in your great loss.

Bay County Ministerial Association,
(Signed) C. A. Laraway,
Secretary.

Are You Lost?

It is impossible to be saved unless you first realize that you are lost! If you could be saved by your own effort, you would frustrate God's plan to save you, namely, by coming to Jesus, confessing your sins, asking His forgiveness, and by faith accepting the Salvation He is now waiting to bestow upon you.

If you have wronged any one in the past, confess it and thus clear your conscience. Plead the Blood and ask for the Holy Spirit's power to do this, and the seemingly impossible will be made clear and easy.

If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Come now, boldly, say, "Jesus saves me now."

Juggling With Life and Death

A man with an uncanny mania for juggling with figures produced pencil and paper and said to a friend, "Put down the number of your living brothers. Multiply it by two. Add three. Multiply the result by five. Add the number of living sisters. Multiply the result by ten. Add the number of dead brothers and sisters. Subtract one hundred and fifty from the result." The friend did it. "Now," said the other with a cunning smile, "the right-hand figure will be the number of deaths, the middle figure the number of living sisters, and the left-hand figure the number of living brothers." And so it was.—Tid-Bits (London).

TO THE WORK

By Lieut.-Colonel George Anderson.

Arise and let us go up at noon. Woe unto us! for the day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretching out.—Jeremiah 6:4.

YOUNG MEN and Young Women! this is your day. The hour to strike has arrived, or rather the hour to begin preparations for a decisive blow. You have not arrived at the hour called "high noon," which must be looked upon as a great mercy because of the unprepared state of both heart and mind.

The early morning has come and gone but as yet the noon hour or meridian is not quite in sight, and to hundreds, yea, thousands of our bright Corps Cadets, the call is "Arise and let us go up to the Training College and get ready to strike a telling blow on the enemy at the noon hour of our lives."

"Woe unto us! when the shadows of the evening are stretching out" if we have neglected the Divine Call. Levi, a custom-house officer, immediately obeyed the call when the Savior said "Follow thou Me." Consequently his name was changed to Matthew and given the honor of writing the first book in the New Testament and of calling it by his own new name, which will never die.

William Booth, because of his ready obedience, was given the honor of being the founder and **first General** of the Salvation Army, an honor that will never decay. "The willing and obedient shall eat of the good of the land."

All young men or women who may chance to read these lines would do well to immediately consult with their Heavenly Father and settle the question now while it is yet morning and not noon. To many the noon time or the hour to strike has slipped by unnoticed all because of no thought or preparation. The enemy has the power and ability to detain, decoy, hold back, bind, fetter, permanently weaken, would disable, yea, kill and damn the soul forever. This being so after a good look at the battlefield of life and seeing the millions of crippled souls all around us with so few to bind up or mollify the wounds, shout out like the prophet of old, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

While in the World's War we were unable to do but little until we got prepared and made ready to strike. A thorough consecration of all we possess and ourselves to our Lord and Master will go a long way in making us Fishers of Men. A call to the Training College is undoubtedly the highest of all callings. "Study to show thyself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," a worker together with Him. Then when the shadows are beginning to lengthen there will be no regrets.

The Chief Secretary's Notes

By Colonel Alexander M. Damon

VERY SACRED and hallowed was the funeral service conducted in Detroit by the Commander for our promoted comrade, Lieut.-Colonel Dunham. Our national leader had journeyed to Detroit specially for the purpose of being present at the funeral and in her eloquent address she paid an ideal tribute to the man whose life was that of a warrior of the King of Kings. The Commissioner and also the International Secretary, Commissioner Henry W. Mapp, were there with many other prominent officers, and each echoed a note of triumph that rose above the sense of loss for a victorious life triumphantly closed. The Colonel was taken to St. Louis for interment, this being an old battleground where he fought as Divisional Commander for four years. Our thoughts and prayers go out to Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Dunham and the bereaved family and we rest in the knowledge that His sustaining power is sufficient.

Promotions to Glory

Almost immediately following the tidings of the passing away of Lieut.-Colonel Dunham came the news that Commissioner McAlonan, the Managing Director for the Assurance Society at International Headquarters, London, had also heard the Divine summons. And only one day later a message was received announcing the death of Brigadier McMillan (retired), from his home in Canada. Commissioner McAlonan was one of the Army's pioneer officers and has filled many and varied important appointments. Our loss is great, but his is the gain. Brigadier McMillan was an old Western veteran well known by many of our comrades in this Territory. For 43 years he served God successfully and faithfully under the flag of the Salvation Army, but the scepter is now his in place of the sword and the crown has taken the place of the cross. We cannot but praise God for the lives that have left so fragrant a memory for us, and pray that in a very special way He will be all in all to the dear ones left behind.

Milwaukee Congress and Y. P. Councils

A signal victory took place at Milwaukee during the Divisional Congress and Young People's Councils, conducted there by the Commissioner, a report regarding which appeared in last week's issue of the War Cry. The Commissioner was delighted with the spirit manifested by the young folk, and the decided increase in the amount of uniform worn. There were 550 delegates present, representing all of the 22 corps of the Lake Division, and the sprinkling of khaki among the happy crowd revealed the fact that the Life Saving Scout and Guard movement is rapidly growing. There were several brass bands present and three of these took quite a prominent part in the attractiveness of the meetings—Racine, Milwaukee and Calumet. The demonstration on Saturday night was of a very high order. What shall we say about the Sunday's meetings? The Commissioner in his inspired talks gave himself freely to the blessing and helping of the assembled delegates and was well rewarded when at the close of the day we were able to rejoice over 160 young people having knelt at the penitent-form and seventy fine specimens of young manhood and womanhood having offered themselves as candidates for officership. The Commissioner took the opportunity to congratulate Lieut.-Colonel Anderson, the Divisional Commander, Captain Dallas Leader, the Divisional Young People's Secretary, and Ensign Brewer, the Divisional Secretary, on the advancement being made among the young people in the Division and their part in the success of the councils.

Settlement Addition Dedicated

Quite a unique gathering took place last Wednesday when the Commissioner presided over the dedication of the splendid new addition to the South Side Settlement. Commissioner Henry W. Mapp, the International Secretary, kindly accepted the Commissioner's invitation to be present and in a splendid manner made the dedicatory address. Quite a number of prominent friends of the Army were present, including Dr. W. Dodge, Mr. Lawrence Williams and Mr. John Mitchell, Jr., of the Advisory Board, as well as the chairman of the Advisory Board, Mr. L. E. Myers, and Mrs. John F. Gilchrist, who each made appreciative addresses regarding the work of the Army. The crowd of young people, including a group of Life Saving Scouts and Guards who came to the platform at the closing of the ceremony, were a living evidence of the good work being carried on at the Settlement. Ensign and Mrs. Rhoda, the officers in charge of the South Side Settlement, are alive to the opportunities which have been added to by the new addition to the building.

A Right Move

It is reported in the newspapers that the Postal Telegraph Company will refuse to transmit any more race track news for betting purposes after the present contracts with race track gamblers have expired. This is a step in the right direction.

Congratulations

Hearty congratulations to Lieutenant Lewis Keeler of the Editorial Department at Territorial Headquarters, who has been promoted to the rank of Captain. We trust that this mark of confidence on the part of the Commissioner will be an incentive to even greater service in the ranks of the Army.

Corps Cadet Sunday

The Commissioner has decided that Sunday, June 7, shall be set aside as Corps Cadet Sunday. We are sure that corps officers will make the most of this occasion to urge young people of eligibility to take up this excellent course of spiritual and practical training that will fit them for future fuller service in the Salvation Army.

Candidates

Fourteen more candidates were accepted at the last candidates' board held at Territorial Headquarters, and a numbers of others are soon to be brought up for consideration. The date for the opening of the next session is not yet decided, but the prospects are bright for a record number of cadets.

Soul Saving at Battle Creek

A letter from Captain James Cheyne, of Battle Creek, Mich., brings the pleasing tidings that during the last three weeks forty souls have sought salvation. At the new opening in Bristowe, Okla., where Captain Ruth Gibbs leads the forces, the hall is proving far too small to accommodate the people who attend the meetings, and many have to stand outside. In a meeting recently held six souls came to the Cross. This is the sort of news that does the heart good.

Victory in a Church

Field-Major Stuart, of Enid, Okla., reports that a minister in a small town near Enid requested that the Salvation Army conduct a meeting in his church. With several other officers the Field-Major went to the church and led a real Salvation Army meeting. The building was crowded to capacity so that people were standing in the aisles and occupying every corner of the church. Best of all a battle for souls at the close of the gathering resulted in 49 men and women seeking Christ.

Cadets First Aid Examination

Colonel Martin brings the pleasing information that in connection with the first aid examination the Cadets have done excellently. Out of one hundred and eight Cadets, ninety-four per cent have received over ninety marks each and thirteen have received full marks—one hundred. We certainly congratulate the Cadets, as well as Colonel Martin and the Training College Staff on this very fine showing. We fully recognize the importance of the practical use of first aid training for Salvation Army officers, and feel sure the thorough foundation laid in this connection will be of great benefit to our young comrades in the future.

WAR CRY
OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN THE CENTRAL TERRITORY

Shoes and Other Things

The lady had tried on a large percentage of the shoes in the store. She was short-tempered and irritated. "I guess you don't know what kind of a shoe I want!" she flung at the perspiring and distressed clerk. "Indeed, madam, I do," the clerk assured her quietly. "You want a shoe that is long, and wide and loose on the inside; and short, narrow and smart on the outside." Lots of people would like to belong to the Salvation Army if they could do so without wearing a uniform, if they could continue to indulge in worldly pleasures and pursuits of the flesh. But that cannot be done. Remember! The outside and the inside of the shoe MUST match.

See Things as They Are

Is America growing callous? Is the nation's heart hardening? More than 99,000 were killed and 450,000 injured by automobiles last year! And yet the announcement created hardly more than a ripple of interest. No horror, no sorrow! No shocked alarm! Had half, or even a tenth of this terrible harvest of death been reaped by fire, flood or convulsion of nature, horror would have filled the heart of every American. But we have become too accustomed to wholesale automobile killings. We have accepted them, evidently, as a necessary evil attendant upon modern progress. So it is with sin. We see it on every hand. Its turbid, filthy stream runs menacingly and ceaselessly through the pages of our daily newspapers. Vice, no longer centralized, penetrates the residential district with red threat against youth. Booze, gambling and worse move almost unchallenged through all strata of society. Sin and lewdness have put on the garments of respectability. But sin is not respectable. Let us see things as they are. America must take some step to check wholesale slaughter by automobile. America must hold sin up in all its naked horror so that all may see and fear. God has not repealed this law—"The wages of sin is death."

Worth Broadcasting

People whistle more and sing more today as a result of radio broadcasting. The standard of musical appreciation has been raised materially. Radio fans can't dodge hearing good music, even when it is sandwiched in with jazz. At first they don't like the good; but the thing that makes music "good" is the way in which such music penetrates to the heart and soul of the listener. The jazz is forgotten; the good remains. That is why classics are today whistled on the street and growing in popularity in the home. The average American family has a radio. They use it with breakfast, lunch and dinner; it plays all afternoon and evening. So they can't dodge hearing SOME good music that will make itself remembered. Good music makes itself liked by repetition. That's true, too, of Christianity. If you live your religion in workshop and home, on street and car, if you talk it whenever chance offers, it will make itself liked. Men will turn to it in preference to the cheaper things of life. But, before you start, be sure you have the real thing. Christ alone can save the world.

Straws

By John M. Wilder

The Story So Far

Phil Keith, a young college student, is left penniless by the failure of his father's business. Receives a thousand dollars cash settlement of the estate and that night is sandbagged and robbed by two men in a saloon. Keith is shanghaied and placed aboard a ship of unknown destination. When the ship makes its first stop at the Hawaiian Islands Keith escapes and is helped by Captain Kebble, a Salvation Army officer. Kebble, accompanied by Keith, sails for Honolulu, where he finds Keith a position in Judge Laird's law office.

Again meets Judge Laird's nephew whom he met on board ship and is invited by young Laird to a beach party that night. Keith gets drunk and is helped to bed by Captain Kebble, who finds him standing on the street.

Promises to stop, but later goes out with young Laird and the crowd and again becomes drunk. Judge Laird sees him and next morning Keith finds a note on his desk asking for his resignation. Leaves the office and slips on board a ship bound for San Francisco.

Keith gets a job with the Southwestern Pacific wrapping bundles and pushing trucks. His boss, Eddie Brians, promises him something better in a few weeks.

(Continued From Last Week.)

JERRY ROURKE listened shrewdly to Eddie Brians and after two months had lasped, sent for Philip Keith. Ostensibly Rourke was an assistant council in the sizable legal department of the Southwestern Pacific, a slight, spruce, sharply intellectual Irishman on the upward side of forty. But to those whose eyes were permitted to observe the practical methods, strictly hidden from vision of the average citizen, by which the Southwestern Pacific contrived to dominate the politics of the State, Rourke was the man who pulled the strings, strings that caused dignified Senators and other sundry and less dignified officials to dance to measures of the Company's composition. In many a civil court action it was whispered that judge and jury had viewed the evidence through tinted glasses supplied by Jerry Rourke at the instance of his Company's necessities. There was in all the State no man so powerful or so influential that he could afford to deny this quiet Irish-American lawyer a hearing at even the most inconvenient moment.

Keith wrapped the last package of the regular shipment of posters, time tables and other literature expressed monthly to all station masters along the lines. Just as the telephone bell tinkled he tied the final knot securely. He twisted the tough, heavy string deftly about his fingers and snapped it with a swift single jerk. He sighed—a little exclamation of relief. He did not like this sort of work.

Eddie Brians' voice followed the click of a telephone receiver lifted from its hook. A rumble of gangways being lowered to land passengers from an incoming ferry momentarily drowned the conversation; but presently as the boat was drawn snugly into the slip and the noisy click-click of chain and pawls in the landing gear died away Brians' voice came clearly to his ears.

"Sure, you're making no mistake. He's green, but willing and you bet he'll pick up the ropes fast. Yep! The lad certainly knows how to take care of himself. He can keep a still tongue—close as the skin on an apple. And he's sharp; a willing and a fast worker, Jerry. Honest? Absolutely. A gentleman, too. All right, Jerry. I'll shoot him right up to your office. Sure. G'bye."

The telephone receiver clicked back upon its hook. Keith looked inquiringly at Eddie. He had been hoping for a summons which should hail him to the general offices of the railroad company in the big building far up Market street.

"At last?" he turned questioning eyes upon Eddie Brians. Brians nodded and grinned.

"Sure, lad. That was Jerry Rourke himself and you're to beat it right up to his office on the eighth floor of the Sutter building. Know where it is?"

Keith did. He rolled down his sleeves and pulled off his jumpers after washing carefully at the shipping room sink. Hurrying through the Ferry building he swung aboard a Market street car. Within five minutes he was in the lobby of the Sutter building waiting for an elevator to bear him up to Rourke's office.

Evidently he was expected. A girl stenographer, brunet and warmly pretty, smiled when he gave his name. She swung the rail gate open for him and directed him to the private office beyond.

"Mr. Rourke said you should walk right in," she said smiling again.

Keith smiled back.

"Thank you," he said and tapped lightly upon the door.

"Enter," a crisp voice instructed.

Jerry Rourke sat at the far side of a wide glass-topped flat desk peeling an apple. His keen, gray eyes swept Keith from head to foot appraisingly then lingered for a brief space upon his visitor's face. Those eyes were to fascinate Keith many a time in years to come. Rourke never winked or blinked. His eyelids were curtains which, so far as Keith ever was to discover, he dropped only for purposes of sleep. And his eyes, usually cold gray, had a strange habit of turning black in moments of anger.

"Brians has suggested that I find a place for you with the Company," he said. "If you are what he says you are I think it can be arranged. I'm always on the lookout for young men who can think quickly, see and hear much and say and show little. You have worked for the Southwestern a few weeks. Eddie has explained a little of how we keep a tight hand on politics, no doubt." He finished peeling the apple, closed his knife slowly, then shot a question swiftly at Keith. "What do you think of it all?

"But never mind," he continued rapidly as Keith would have replied. "You are not closely enough in touch, yet, to understand what it all means. This state is new—in the process of formation right now—and the Southwestern Pacific has made it. We've advertised it, and built it up, and sunk millions of our stockholders' money into it. Without the railroad the state would still be a sleepy Spanish province. You'll understand that we'd be fat pickings for every dishonest, or gold-sucking politician that came along unless we kept ourselves in a position to protect our interests by holding a whip hand in state politics.

"The Company isn't dishonest in this. Everything we've done, even our harshest methods, have eventually justified us by benefiting the state and the people. They curse us," Rourke's face hardened. "They snarl at us; but what we do is for the future good of every man, woman and child in California.

"I'm telling you this, Mr. Keith, because I want you to know that the Southwestern Pacific looks for loyalty from its employes, especially in this department. If you are the type of man we need, and you seem to be acceptable, you will find a sure road to success here. But—don't put your hand to our plow unless you intend to turn the furrow to it's very end. Do you understand what I am getting at?"

Keith nodded.

"I think I do, sir," he answered soberly. "Yes, I understand. But how do you intend that I shall fit in here?"

"As to that, we shall see. It will be largely up to you, Keith. For the present I'll find work in the office which will give you a chance to familiarize yourself with our problems. In the meantime I want you to cram for your bar examination. I shall be able to help you in that. Afterwards—well, we shall see." He shrugged and nibbled at the apple. "Report to Miss Addie—my secretary. She will show you what you are to do."

He found the secretary busy at the telephone, looked approvingly at the vivid face, the sparkling brown eyes, the health-carmined alluringly curved lips, framed by soft wavy masses of ravenhued tresses, then saw that his gaze was observed. He flushed, moved over to the wide window and surveyed the colorful panorama of San Francisco hung splendidly upon its seven hills against the sweeping blue distances of the Bay. Beyond lay the sun-laved beauties of Oakland and her sister cities nestling along the crinkled, tawny flanks of the Berkeley Hills.

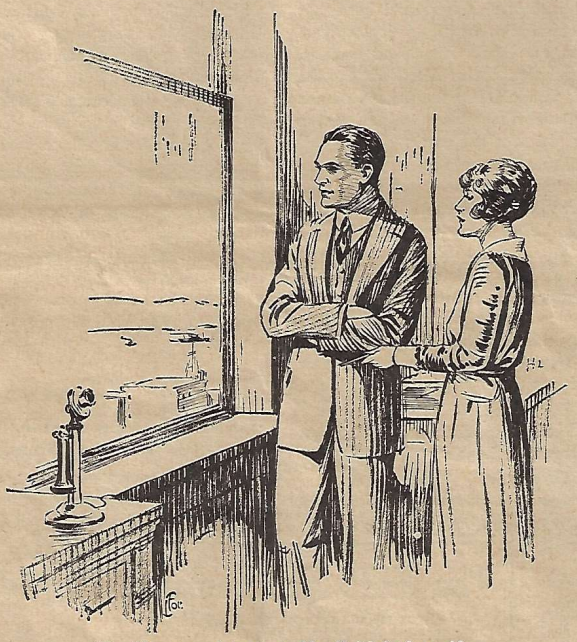
It was the first time he had viewed the city from such a vantage point. A splendid sight, he thought, looking down Market street's busy, impressive canyon to the ship-fringed waterfront, to the wind and tide-stirred bay with its endless variety of craft, fussy tugs puffing everywhere, broad-beamed white ferries plowing swiftly by the anchorage where lay tall ships lofting delicate traceries of spar and rigging against the blue California sky, a squat dirty-sailed hay barge from the upper reaches of the Sacramento slipping sluggishly under the counter of a rusty British tramp whose salt-rimmed funnel told plainly enough the tale of some bitter storm weathered recently in safety.

Keith turned in some confusion to find Miss Addie standing at his elbow smiling faintly.

"You'll get used to that, Mr. Keith," she nodded her head appreciatively at the vista of cities and hills, blue water and bluer skies. "It is worth while looking at, though. That will be your desk over by the other window. Mr. Rourke would like it if you'd read through these files carefully. They have to do with our oil and timber lands. You see, when the Southwestern was building, among other concessions the federal government gave it land grants amounting to thousands of acres a considerable extent of which, as recent developments have shown, are oil lands. Some day some one will come along with the claim that the Southwestern Pacific has no valid legal claim to the mineral rights, which includes oil, and try to cloud our title. Mr. Rourke wants you to familiarize yourself with the situation."

Keith thanked her, took the files from her hands, and spread them out upon the desk she had indicated. He would have asked more questions, but just then the outer door opened and two strangers entered asking for Jerry Rourke. Miss Addie left his side and went to greet and dispose of them. Presently a buzzer sounded and with notebook and a handful of sharpened pencils she vanished into Rourke's office not to appear again until the five o'clock whistle was sounding and work for the day was at an end.

(To Be Continued.)



"You'll get used to that, Mr. Keith," she said.

To the Convert

NOW THAT Christ has set you free, your first great objective is to publish His Salvation. Therefore saturate yourself in the knowledge of the Salvation you wish to proclaim. Be a Bible student. Give some fixed time daily to Bible reading. The Bible is a mine from which you may dig gold.

Another purpose is that of influencing men. You will do this both by personal conversation and by public speaking. Improve your style of speech and choice of words. You will profit by studying the speeches of men who have shown exceptional power to attract and move crowds, whether in the religious, political, or literary worlds. Always be sure what words exactly mean. Keep a good dictionary always at hand, and never allow a word to pass that you are not certain about.

Above all, keep your soul aglow with love to God and love to man!

Success Crowns Self-Denial Effort of 1925

Central Territory Raises Magnificent Total of $130,818 for Support and Extension of Home and Foreign Missionary Work—Almost $23,000 Above Last Year's Total

Commissioner Peart Congratulates Officers and Comrades Upon Results

ONE OUTSTANDING triumph of the Twenty Per Cent Campaign will be the splendidly successful Self-Denial Effort just concluded in the Central Territory through which the magnificent total of $130,818.36 was raised for the support and extension of home and foreign missionary work throughout the Salvation Army's world-wide field.

Great enthusiasm, untiring zeal and endless hard work on the part of all officers, soldiers, juniors and young people who participated were a marked feature of the Self-Denial Effort. There seemed to be abroad a fresh vision of the needs of the great foreign mission field, of the great opportunities for soul saving and the service of humanity which go hand in hand with the dangers and hardships faced by our faithful comrades who toil so devotedly in the depths of Africa, on the lonely islands of the sea, among the perils of revolution torn China, among the criminal tribes of India, in the leper settlements of the Dutch East Indies, amid the village-laden hills of Korea and elsewhere in the far places of the earth.

Again Salvationists of the Central Territory have responded effectively and loyally to the demands of the Salvation war. They have the happiness of knowing that records have been broken. They have the assurance that the flag will be carried further and further afield as a result of their devoted work and that thousands who might otherwise have continued in spiritual darkness will hear the healing, saving name of Jesus preached. There will be more work among the sick, the halt and the blind as a result of this Self-Denial Effort. It will lend new impetus to the labors of our comrades in mission lands. It has been a fine thing well done.

"It Must Be an Abiding Satisfaction," Says the Commissioner

My Dear Comrades and Officers:

It is with great satisfaction and pleasure that I present to you the results of the 1925 Self-Denial Effort published elsewhere on this page.

Every Salvationist, of whatever rank or age, officer, soldier and Junior alike, must thrill at the thought of what the Self-Denial Fund is accomplishing toward the salvation of the world. As year after year we watch the onward sweep of our Army into new and spiritually darkened lands, as week after week we read in the pages of the War Cry stories of splendid conquests for the souls of men, there is a sense in which we must all feel richly repaid for the work and toil with which, through the annual Self-Denial Effort, we aid the efforts of our devoted missionary officers.

You have the satisfaction of knowing that the Central Territory has scored a splendid triumph in this year's Self-Denial Effort. The gains asked for in connection with the Twenty Per Cent Campaign have been surpassed in this instance and I congratulate you upon the worthy results which have crowned your work.

Year by year the rightful and urgent demands of our missionary work grow by leaps and bounds. More officers, men and women of finest devotion are sent to face the privations and perils which confront the missionary; more money is needed to back up their unstinted service with schools, hospitals, halls and the other necessities of Christian pioneering in new and non-Christian fields. This is as it should be, for did not Christ, our Master, send us "into all the world"?

This year the Central Territory has not fallen behind. It has advanced gloriously. You have not failed. You have done well. You have lived up to, even surpassed, the expectations of the General and the Commander, and I think that it must be an abiding satisfaction to you to feel that your comrades in those distant, uncivilized, unchristianized lands, overworked and lonely, facing discouragement and hardship, will look at these Self-Denial totals, and, reading, say: "They did not forget us. Our comrades at home are back of us. They remember. They have helped." With kind regards, believe me to be,

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM PEART,
Commissioner.

"This Is Most Creditable," Says the Commander in Wire to Commissioner Peart

Heartiest congratulations upon your Self-Denial triumph! You have certainly made it "TWENTY PER CENT PLUS."

This is most creditable. It speaks well for the Self-Denial spirit of your people. It pronounces their devotion to our cause. It testifies to a sincere love and thought for others.

The results realized in blessings bestowed on the most needy of the heathen world will redound to the glory of God and the joy of Heaven, reacting upon those who have shared its labors in and added measure of the grace of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. My love and gratitude to all.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commander.

The 1925 Self-Denial Effort

Amounts Raised to May 7, 1925

Central Illinois Division	$ 7,500.00
Chicago and Northern Illinois Division	11,081.06
Gulf Division	2,230.00
Indiana Division	4,500.00
Iowa Division	3,500.00
Kansas Division	9,760.00
Lake Division	10,031.00
Michigan Division	9,750.00
Midland Division	6,500.00
Nebraska Division	3,376.15
Northern Division	17,500.00
Oklahoma Division	4,500.00
Southwestern Division	4,500.00
Western Michigan and Northern Indiana	6,173.79
Scandinavian Province	8,955.35
Training College	17,161.01
Women's Social	3,800.00
Total	$130,818.36

The Commander at Pittsburg

Dedicates the Finest Building Ever Given to the Army by the People of a Great City —Presides at Two Magnificent Meetings in the Davis Theater—Thirty-Eight Seekers for the Day.

Commissioner Estill Conducts Two Splendid Meetings in the New Auditorium.

MAY 10, the dedication of the new headquarters' campaign at Pittsburgh has been an eminent success. The building, which is an architectural acquisition to the city, is the most complete expression to date of a Salvation Army service center, combining, as it does, spacious and beautiful auditoriums for seniors and young people, a hotel for men and a residence for young women, a relief department and an emergency hospital, a dormitory for homeless men and executive offices for the Western Pennsylvania Division. The great meetings conducted by the Commander in the Davis Theater were sessions of intense spiritual enjoyment and uplift, and excellent crowds were present in spite of a very wet Sunday.

At night, when the Commander gave her great address, "The Christ on the Doorstep," the audience hung upon her words, many eyes were wet and eighteen made that Christ their Savior and Friend. Lieut.-Colonel Atkinson, the Divisional Commander, and his staff, are to be congratulated on the success of the campaign.

"THE FINEST building ever given to the Army by the people of a great city." That is the description of the new headquarters building dedicated Saturday, May 9, by the Commander, supported by Commissioner Estill. Judge Buffington declared it to be "the finest Salvation Army building in the new world." By the foregoing it will be gathered that Pittsburg has at last a building worthy of the importance of the city and the Salvation Army forces therein. The building is located on what is practically an island site, with the main entrance situated in a recently widened thoroughfare now known as the "Boulevard of the Allies." It has nine stories above the lofty auditorium, is built of brick and admirably equipped throughout for the multifarious activities that will be housed in it.

Raise the Flag.

THE DEDICATION began at 2:30 p. m. with the hoisting of colors. The Hon. Joseph Buffington, chairman of the dedicatory exercises, hoisted the Stars and Stripes, and Commander hauled aloft the flag with the Fiery Star. In addition to the Chief and Field Secretaries, a very interesting group supported the Commander, including Lieut.-Colonel Commissioner Adam Gifford, Territorial Commander of the Western Territory, who, over forty years ago, when a youth, sought and found God in an Army meeting in Pittsburg; Colonel William Evans, (retired) who, as the Commander said, ten years ago conceived the idea of such a building and got a large sum of money towards its erection; Colonel Thomas Stanton, who finalized the plans, and started the operations; and Lieut.-Colonel Atkinson, under whom the building was brought to completion.

A very large and interested crowd assembled in the Boulevard, for the proceedings were conducted by Commissioner Estill in the open-air. The invocation was offered by Colonel Holz and a Scripture reading was given by the Field Secretary, and excellent addresses were given by Lieut.-Commissioner Gifford and Colonel Evans. Judge Buffington, who also addressed the gathering, no doubt may sit on the judicial bench with becoming gravity, but on this occasion he was geniality personified and his stories and manner of introducing the friends of the Advisory Board who had rendered such splendid help in bringing the building into being, convulsed the audience with merriment.

Mr. Pringle, the architect, was described as a man who could buy from a Jew, and sell with profit to a Scotchman; but the judge also drew a striking parallel between the treatment of unsightly iron ore and its conversion into steel, and the treatment that would be meted out to unsightly humanity and its conversion into honorable citizens in this "Cathedral of Service."

The Commander, who had been referred to by Judge Buffington as the "High Priestess of the spiritual life of America," was received in a manner that suggested the crowd accepted her as such. In her dedicatory address she not only paid a splendid tribute to the comrades and friends who had made possible such a center for Salvation Army activities, but also gave a thrilling description of the uses to which the various departments housed in the building would be put in the service of mixed humanity, and to the strains of "We'll Lift Up the Banner on High," played by the Staff Band, the dear old Flag ascended past relief department, emergency hospital and dormitories for homeless people, until it broke and floated free in the radiant sunshine that had bathed the proceedings.

A dedicatory prayer by Colonel Stanton and the benediction by Colonel Bond and the doors of the "Cathedral of Service" were thrown open to the sinful and suffering.

Following the dedication meetings came a series of magnificent meetings. Two in the Auditorium conducted by Commissioner Estill, assisted by the Chief Secretary and two in the Davis Theater presided over by the Commander.

The Auditorium was crowded with a most enthusiastic gathering on Saturday night. They would be frigid folk indeed whom that meetingg could not enthuse. The New York Staff Band was simply splendid and the local bands, Pittsburg No. 1 and East Kensington, delighted alike their home people and strangers, while the short talks of some of the visitors, including Lieut.-Commissioner and Colonels Evans, Stanton, Bond and Lieut.-Colonel Agnew, greatly contributed to the enjoyment and inspiration of the meeting.

On Sunday morning another fine congregation assembled in the Auditorium and from the start to the finish the presence of God was manifest. The principal feature of the meeting was the address of the Commissioner on "Separation from the World." His incisive phrasing and his resonant tones gripped the ear, while his great knowledge of the frailties of human nature and subtle devices of the enemy of souls enabled him to lay bare the dangers and pitfalls that attend the feet of the unwary so effectively that seventeen came out to give themselves afresh to God. Thus, with the three, who sought salvation at the drumhead in the open-air, there were twenty seekers, a fine beginning for the new auditorium.

The Afternoon Meeting.

THE DAVIS THEATER is a fine building with seating accommodation for nearly three thousand. At the afternoon meeting, despite the rain that fell, it was packed from floor to ceiling. The Staff Band and male chorus of New York under Major Darby again justified its brilliant reputation. The cornet solo of Captain Matheson and the xylophone solo of Captain Von Calio being especially well received.

The Hon. G. E. Alter, State Attorney, introduced the Commander. "A great woman to a great audience" were his words in a very graceful and appreciative speech. He referred to the arrival of the late Commissioner George Scott Railton with a number of officers in 1888, and said that although that landing would not rank in importance with the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock, it was nevertheless a truly historical event. He regarded the visit of the Commander as an honor to the community and introduced her to that great audience as "the friend of all in distress."

Striking evidence was immediately forthcoming as to the popularity of the Commander with the Pittsburg people for those in that great audience sprang to their feet and gave her a most cordial greeting. The Commander's address was a comparatively short one and the delightful music furnished her with a congenial theme. Apt metaphors, sparkling similes, and illuminating figures of speech flow as readily and clearly from the Commander's lips as cascade the waters of a mountain stream. And one wonders at the fertility of the fancy that calls them up. But from nature's music the Commander passed on to the primary object of the campaign, the building dedicated the day previously. This also afforded her a fine opportunity for advocating that which evidently lies very near to her heart, the social service to humanity, the saving of souls, and the honor of her God.

Lieut.-Colonel Atkinson, in his financial statement, said that the building, the site, and equipment cost $750,000, of which $200,000 yet remained to be raised.

The uses to which the building will be put are clearly indicated by the following:

1. The Argonne. Hotel for men; 424 Third avenue; 120 rooms, each equipped with up to date conveniences.

2. The Evangeline. Residence for young women; 425 Second avenue, Boulevard of the Allies. Accommodations for 80 guests. Each room provided with electric light, steam heat, hot and cold water. Tub and shower baths on each floor. Well equipped dining room on eighth floor. Comfortable parlor and rest rooms. Laundry facilities for guests free of charge.

3. Public auditorium. Street floor, 425 Second avenue; accommodation, 800.

4. Young People's auditorium and class rooms.

5. Recreation room and shower baths and lockers for young people.

6. Relief Department, 428 Third avenue, for family and transient relief cases.

7. Emergency Hospital, second floor, 428 Third avenue, to care for accidents in the immediate neighborhood and also provide for medical attention for poor children and others.

8. Emergency dormitory for homeless men, on Third avenue side. Comfortable beds, hot and cold showers, and provision for the fumigation of clothing.

9. Executive offices, third floor, for the Western Pennsylvania Division, of which Pittsburg is the headquarters.

THE RAIN descended in torrents at night, which no doubt accounted for the small patch of empty seats at the top of the gallery, for the writer was informed that thirteen hundred had been turned away from the afternoon meeting.

It was a most impressive service. Colonel Holz gave out the opening song and Mrs. Colonel Stanton prayed. The Staff Band again, by music and song, greatly helped, the rendition of Rock of Ages moving many hearts. Commissioner Estill led the proceedings and when he presented the Commander, the spiritual atmosphere was very conducive to the acceptance of her noble advocacy of Him Who condescends to knock at the door of the human heart. Considerations of space necessitate that we hold over until our next issue the interesting impressions of this meeting and the Commander's address, by Colonel Bond, who, in this campaign, heard the Commander for the first time.

In the prayer meeting conducted by Colonel Stanton there were eighteen seekers. To God be the glory.

70 Surrender in Mother's Day Services

Many Touching Incidents in State Prison Meeting at McAlister

M'ALISTER, OKLA.—Mother's Day was fittingly observed in all seven Sunday services conducted by the McAlister corps. A very sacred spirit prevailed in the meetings held in the Oklahoma State Prison as the inmates, one by one, all over the chapel, stood to their feet and paid their tributes to Mother. The words chosen by Captain Dahl for his message and the appropriate songs all struck responsive chords in the hearts of the men present. Several tubs of red and white roses were distributed among the boys, the wearing of the white flower signifying that mother had gone and was waiting for them at the portal.

The very touching scene of the day was when Captain Dahl visited the death cells in that dreary place where there is no sunshine, where hope is gone and men are brought face to face with the grim reality of a wasted life. Five men await execution. Two of them picked white roses, and three wore the red. Tears coursed down their cheeks as they shook the Captain's hand and thanked him for having remembered them in their distress.

Services were also conducted in the women's department. The altar there was bathed with tears of penitents who, sipping the cup of sorrow, are paying their debt to society. One young girl wept aloud as she told of her mother's sweet, pure life, and at the same time promised, by God's help, to live a clean Christian life the balance of her days. Another girl asked, "How could we bear our trouble if it were not for the Salvation Army workers who minister to us?"

Seventy surrenders were recorded for the day, and the Judgment alone will reveal the good accomplished in these Mother's Day prison meetings.

To pluck a fowl, plunge the fowl into boiling water for a minute, when the feathers will come out quite easily, and there will not be so much litter with the feathers.

* * *

When beet-roots are sufficiently cooked, place them in a vessel and pour cold water on them. By gently pressing them the peel will come off easily.

IN THE MAELSTROM OF SIN

OR, AN OLD MAN'S WARNING. AN ALLEGORY

"YOU ASK ME why I am so much down on what you call harmless amusements, such as an occasional bet, a visit to the play-house, and a glass of wine or ale now and again," said a white-haired old man, whose looks betoken wisdom and peace, to a much younger man, whose face bore traces of vexation and disappointment. "I will tell you," he continued. "When I was about your age, I thought and felt just as you do now, and had the same tastes as you have; but, by the grace of God, my eyes were opened to

The Hidden Dangers

that lurked beneath those seemingly harmless amusements, and this is how the opening happened:

"I had a dream, in which I seemed to be wading in the shallows on the seashore; the water was clear as crystal, and sparkled in the rays of the sun with a luster and brilliancy that was never equaled by any gem in a ballroom. Shells of the most beautiful colors and elegance of form, and also of exceedingly strange shape and beauty, lay in profusion on the yellow sands, over which darted fishes, whose backs glowed with a richness and wealth of color such as I had never seen before. Some of them were also very small, and gleamed like silver. They irresistibly reminded me of the phrase I had once heard applied to sprats—'The five-cent pieces of the deep.' These, and the more gaudy ones darted in and out amongst the patches of waving seaweed, whose long, dark branches streamed out upon the golden sand like the black

Hair of Mermaids

that one sometimes sees depicted in fantastic pictures.

"The beauties that I beheld fascinated me, and I waded farther and farther out, seeing fresh charms at every step I took. Sometimes by some strange formation of the fleecy clouds that drifted along the azure sky, it seemed to me that the word PLEASURE in giant and irregular but nevertheless easily distinguishable characters, was cast upon the surface of the rippling waters.

"I was disturbed in my delighted wonderment by a harsh but very earnest voice calling from the shore. I look round, and was very much displeased to find that the disturber of my pleasure was a Salvationist. I knew the uniform quite well, having frequently passed the Army's open-air meetings. I had also heard of the good work accomplished by the Salvationists, but concluded from the thoughtless remarks that I had heard from time to time, concerning them and their work, that these people and their religion were not for such as I. The man urged upon me to come back, as the water was very treacherous, and great

Dangers Were Ahead.

I knew in a general way that what he said was right enough, but concluded that I knew sufficient to take care of myself, and so, foolishly, turned a deaf ear to the good man's warnings, although he kept shouting and behaving in a frantic manner. In fact, I became a bit disgusted, and, turning my back upon him, continued my interesting way in the water. I found that as I waded into deeper water it became less clear, also that the shells became larger. The latter fact was not altogether pleasant, for the delicate spikes and tapering terminations of the shells that had filled me with admiration when they were smaller, now gave me many a vicious stab as I struck my feet and limbs against them, and caused me much pain. The long ribbonlike weeds whose

Rich Green Color

and graceful sinuosities had given me much pleasure, now twined themselves round my legs like strong rubber bands, the toughness of their fiber making the work of freeing myself more laborious and irksome. The fish, too, had lost their charm and delicate coloring, and, as it seemed to me, their elegance and shape. But I attributed this to a distorted vision, owing to the depth of the water. There was another thing that I now noticed: The shadows cast by the clouds upon the water seemed to spell out a word strangely like VICE. However, in the hope that I should find other things that would interest me, I continued my wading, the water meanwhile getting

Deeper and Deeper.

At last I thought I had gone far enough, and had better return to the shore. But on attempting to do so, I found that a strong current had set in which, as it had been flowing seaward, had not been noticed by me; but now, when I attempted to stem it, I found it to be exceeding strong. It was also rapidly growing swifter every moment.

"The current seemed to assume a circular motion, and I, instead of making headway against it, was forced to retreat farther and farther seaward. The water, although not deep enough to submerge me, was now quite black and frothy. I also felt all sorts of slimy creatures brushing against my legs and body; and I was frequently tripped up by the seaweed entanglements. At times a pair of hideous goggle eyes would glare at me through the water, and then disappear again into the inky depths. Now a long whiplike tentacle would be shot into the air, or the water would become

Violently Agitated

by the movements of I knew not what. I looked about me with a feeling of dread, and as my eyes rested upon the black waters, the tawny froth, which I have already mentioned, seemed to resolve itself into characters, and to spell out the word CRIME. I looked eagerly toward the shore, where I saw the water was rapidly swirling round and round, and the places where had appeared the words PLEASURE and VICE were now marked by great belts of foam. In despair, I turned my eyes seaward, and saw to my horror that the view had completely changed.

"The force of the current had also now become so very strong as to carry me off my feet, and I found myself being swept away in a current that was running as strong and as swiftly as a mill-race. But before the water had washed me off my feet, I had seen that in front of me the waters had formed a huge

Funnel-Shaped Hollow

surrounded with a deep fringe of boiling foam. I was carried around and around with amazing velocity, and it became borne in upon my mind that I was in the vortex of a whirlpool. At this moment I was almost suffocated by the foam which the cross-currents cast up. I was buffeted this way and that way, just like a chip that is cast into a rapid, then again, like a chip that has been caught in a current, I was whirled away. The circles ever became narrower, until at last I found myself engulfed in the belt of roaring foam which edged the vast funnel-like depression in the water I have already mentioned. The sight I beheld made me cry out in anguish.

"Once as I stood on a Cornish cliff, too high and too perpendicular to see the raging waters that dashed about its granite base, I lay upon my breast, and creeping to the edge I gazed into the boiling flood, over one thousand feet below. And as I, whilst in the water, was hurled to the edge of the funnel, I saw a somewhat similar sight, save that instead of the black granite perpendicular cliff, I saw the sloping sides of the vast funnel thousands of feet in diameter at the top, and perhaps thousands of feet deep. The sides of the funnel were as black as ebony, and shone like glass. In the few moments that I was whirled about in the surf I seemed to see all the events of a lifetime, and in the foaming water at the bottom of the funnel, to my frantic vision appeared, in dense black characters, the word DAMNATION. To my horror I saw human faces with distorted countenances, and eyes that glared with terror, disappearing one after another beneath the waters, to be carried away by the terrible undercurrent to their eternal doom. I shrieked with terror as I was caught by the flood and found myself in the silent, glassy, ebonied funnel, borne away in ever-decreasing circles to

The Torments Below.

"Although I was in a terrible condition, as you will easily understand, from what I have said, my mind reverted to the warnings of the Salvationist, and I cursed myself for my worse than folly in disregarding his counsel, especially, seeing that I had been warned again and again of the maelstrom of sin.

"The whirl was now carrying me along in its swift gyrations, when I noticed that an object below me was descending the sides of the funnel much less rapidly than myself, and soon I was carried into its proximity. I then discovered the object to be two pieces of wood joined together in the form of a cross. At once the line of a hymn which I had often heard the Salvationists singing came into my mind. This is it—"Simply to Thy Cross I cling." I at once threw myself upon it and

Grasped the Cross

as eagerly as the drowning man clutches at the proverbial straw. Then, strange to say, a feeling of safety possessed me, and my fears fled. However, I still continued to descend, but much more slowly than I had hitherto done, and I saw several other unfortunate beings who had been brought into the vortex after I had, descend past me, plunge headlong into the frothy abyss and disappear from view.

"I then began to notice a change in the character of the whirlpool. The sides began to grow less and less steep, and the whirl itself to be less rapid. Also the bottom of the abyss seemed to ascend, and the froth to disappear, until at length, still grasping the cross, I found myself floating over the spot where the foaming abyss had been but a short time before. Then I awoke.

"By a merciful providence my eyes were thus opened to the dangers of so-called harmless amusements, and I never again entered

Their Charmed Circles.

"I am an old man now, and during my life I have seen many a fine young man and woman enter the sparkling waters of Worldly Pleasure, and then go deeper until the pleasure became Vice. Then I have seen the current bear them into the deeper and blacker waters of Crime. From crime they have been whirled into the surf-belt of Destitution, and thence

(Continued on Page 13.)

SALVATION

"What Must I Do to Be Saved?"

The following is a sample daily meditation from a volume entitled "Morning Thoughts," by Colonel John Roberts.

WHAT A question for meditation we have before us today! For importance there is none other like it. There are many questions that may be termed important, such as: What must I do to be clever, noble, generous, pure, successful? Such questions are worthy of consideration. But most of them have to do with time alone, whereas the question before us this morning has to do, not only with time, but with eternity as well. To see the importance of this question, we need to ask ourselves another: What is the meaning of being SAVED? It means to have all our sins forgiven, every transgression of the law blotted out, a measure of the Holy Ghost within the soul which keeps us living in the favor of God, together with the assurance of having a place hereafter with Him in the skies. And, further, NOT to be *saved* means remaining an enemy to God, a slave to Satan, and in danger every moment of death, damnation, and hell. How important, therefore, to inquire, "What must I do to be saved?" But what a glorious answer is given to the anxious enquirer: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The apostle obtained this assurance from Christ Himself (see John 3:16 and Mark 16:16). Christ, having created us, thoroughly understands us, and is also deeply interested in us. He is interested in our temporal, spiritual and eternal welfare, and therefore, when He tells us what to do to be saved, we may safely rest and rely upon His Word. But what is it to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? It is to *come* to Him (Matt. 11:28), or *call* upon Him (Rom. 10:13), or *receive* Him into our hearts by faith (John 1:12), or *obey* Him (John 14:15).

"None need perish;
All may live, for Christ hath died."

'Let the Wicked forsake his way, and the Unrighteous Man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon'

Commissioner Peart Leads at Kansas City

Converts Total 174 in Fruitful Young People's Councils. Meetings Brim With Inspiration.

CONVERTS TO the number of 174 crossed the borders of the Heavenly Kingdom at Kansas City, Mo., Sunday, during the Young People's Councils held there by Commissioner Peart. In addition to this number, there were 68 young men and women who offered themselves for officership, a large number of them being of candidate's age and in line for training at the next session.

Virtually every corps in the command was represented by delegates, and a rain which fell Saturday only served to make the bright sunshine of Sunday more alluring. Open-air work was well done throughout the day, and in addition to the blessing which fell upon the Army folk there was considerable of inspiration for Kansas Cityans in the out-of-door demonstrations.

This display of uniform throughout was very good, and in this connection Wichita No. 2 won the first prize for uniform, Atchison and Pittsburg running a close second.

The Sunday night meeting drew a crowd of 800 people—enough to jam the Grand Theater, in which the meeting was held, and was preceded by eight great open-air meetings and a stirring parade through the business section.

Speaking again on the old text, John 3:16, the Commissioner reached even greater heights than on former occasions and succeeded in so portraying the immensity of God's love for man that the response in the hearts of the people who listened was rapid and large. His words struck fire throughout; he was in truth a pillar of flame that led the hesitating souls across the desert of the doubts into the oasis of salvation. God used him wonderfully and gave him a victory in the happy shouts of the redeemed who knelt at the long mercy-seat.

The afternoon meeting, also held at the theater, was in charge of the Chief Secretary, and his striking appeal for young men and women for the Kingdom of God won sixty-eight of them at the close. The familiar sight of lads and lassies standing under the colors, singing the old song, "If Jesus Goes With Me I'll Go," was never more beautiful than Sunday afternoon, and it carried more than its usual thrill as they faded away from the sight of the audience, still singing.

Brigadier Norris, the Divisional Commander, was extremely happy over the results of the councils, as was his staff, and in particular Ensign and Mrs. Thomas, the Divisional Young People's Secretaries.

Young People Reconsecrate Selves

Visit of Captain Smith Stirs Muskegon Corps

MUSKEGON, MICH.—May 10th was a red letter day in the history of Muskegon corps. The anticipated visit of the Divisional Young People's Secretary was realized, and Captain Alfred Smith was not disappointed in the hearty welcome he received. He expressed himself as delighted with all that took place and he congratulated Adjutant and Mrs. Corliss and the Young People's locals for the splendid showing of the Young People's work. The day was ideal and the profuse display of red and white carnations demonstrated that sentiment held sway in the hearts of many people. Captain Smith gave a splendid talk in the holiness meeting, preaching from the subject "Be thou faithful unto death."

The outpost Company meeting at Muskegon Heights was merged with the downtown meeting for the afternoon, followed by a march through the business section in which 165 took part. Returning to the hall, Captain Smith delivered a stirring address on "Mother." He held the children in rapt attention as he told stories that touched the hearts of the young people, and left a deep, lasting impression on their plastic minds. The Young People's Secretary was on the job again during the Y. P. L. meeting, then on the march again. After a good open-air, a most attentive audience in the hall drank in the message of the Captain. He excelled in the topic of the day, "Mother." Revelling in his subject in fluent language, in poetry, in quotations biblical and historical, he marshaled all the forces at his command against the dread enemy of the young—sin.

Many young people consecrated themselves afresh to the service of their Lord and Master.—Drum Major.

Will You?

1. Become an intercessory Christian? Surely you can do this much—pray earnestly and believingly for the salvation of others.

2. Become a soul-winner for life? You can do it—no matter what your daily employ or your circumstances may be.

3. Obtain the soul-winner's qualifications? They are:

A heart cleansed from inbred sin!

A heart filled with the Holy Spirit!

An outward life entirely consistent, through which flows the convicting and drawing power of the Spirit!

Use the Word of God and go to work as the Spirit leads you!

4. Begin right away? Souls are dying on every hand—it's a fact! Don't wait for opportunities to come, but make them as you go!

Distinguished Company Attends Settlement Dedication

Commissioner Mapp, Mrs. John Gilchrist, Mr. L. E. Myers, Mr. John Mitchell, Jr., Mr. Lawrence Williams and Others Present as Commissioner Peart Opens Extension

FORMAL DEDICATION of the new section of the Chicago No. 3 Settlement was an event of importance during the last week, and because of a happy combination of circumstances the program for the affair was very full. The presence of Commissioner Henry W. Mapp, International Secretary, in the city added a bright star to the galaxy of celebrities on the platform and gave Commissioner William Peart an opportunity to present that gentleman to some of the warmest Chicago friends, including Mr. L. E. Myers, Mrs. John F. Gilchrist and others who were present for the opening.

The Commissioner was directing the meeting, which was held in the spacious Settlement auditorium, and he was supported by Lieut.-Colonel Cowden, Secretary for Women's Social affairs, Colonel Chandler, the Field Secretary, Mrs. Colonel Damon, and Major Marpurg, the Financial Secretary.

The meeting opened with the singing of "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," and this was followed with a prayer by Lieut.-Colonel Cowden.

Very briefly Commissioner Peart gave a resume of the work of the Settlement since it was launched several years ago and added thereto a few words of hearty commendation for the efforts of the men and women who had piled up the record.

Then he introduced Mrs. Gilchrist, who is the wife of the Campaign Chairman for Chicago, and who came with a very sweet, simple and wholehearted message, an expression of personal interest and sympathy for the work of the Army, which was greatly appreciated by the people who heard.

Mr. L. E. Myers, President of the Chicago Advisory Board, was the next speaker, and his talk dealt with life's realities as he knows them and with his close and friendly association over a period of years with the Army. He spoke of the Army sincerity and of its long, hard, uphill climb, and emphasized the whole with this sentence: "If there was enough of the spirit of the Salvation Army in the world the world would be perfect."

Just here the Staff Band, greatly reduced, of course, by reason of the time of day, but nevertheless the Staff Band, came up with a splendid number, and this was followed by Commissioner Mapp, guest for the event and principal speaker.

The Commissioner began his remarks with congratulations at the progress of the Settlement and said he had listened with joy to the description of Army activities housed beneath the roof.

"We in the Army," he said in part, "have reason to rejoice over the social work. It is a grand work, a splendid work, and one that will, we feel, be perpetuated."

He spoke of the origin of the social work and of the purposes which lie behind it, of the spirit that activates the social workers and the wonderful dedication to service which animates each of them. In his discussion of the outstanding influences behind the social work of the Army the speaker brought out some new and informative facts, all of which were received eagerly by the audience.

At the close of his talk there was a demonstration by the Life Saving Scouts, the Guards, the Chums and the Sunshine Brigade, and while they were all on the platform Commissioner Peart had them sing "America." The meeting closed with benediction and an inspection of the new wing.

The new addition to the Settlement contains a splendid gymnasium, completely equipped with appliances and fills a long-felt need in the south section of the city. Incidentally it is probably the most complete thing of its kind in that section of the city. There is also a complete nursery equipment, including baths, lunchrooms, playground and sleeping rooms. The roof has been so constructed that in the warm months it may be used for a roof garden playground.

Ensign and Mrs. Rhodda, the Settlement officers, and their staff, performed the duties of hosts well for the visitors.

The Word of God

In days of old our brave forefathers went
To death 'neath ax or at the stake, that they
Might keep intact the Word of God for you
And me. They died that the whole Book might come
Adown the long, long age and fill the souls
Of men with love. They did not die that you
Or I might take an ax or knife and hack
And cut and whittle here and there its truths
And leave the covers empty of the Word.
They died that all mankind in every age,
Might know of God and His good message to the world.
When men of old went forth to heathen lands
There to proclaim the Gospel of God's grace,
They took the Bible in their hands and fared
Them forth—at times to death, at times to life
More difficult than death. They took the Word
Of God and in it found the way of life
For their own feet, and for the feet of all
The men they met in those dark lands. May I,
As they, O Lord, find comfort, wisdom, light,
In Thy Blessed Book, nor cut or clip Thy Word,
But seeking find therein the way of life for my dark soul. —A. R. J.

Believe the Compass

"SOME YEARS ago," says a writer, "some men and I were in a heavy forest. We spent some hours traveling around in the woods. I had a pocket-compass with me. When we got ready to start home we were all, strange to say, of the opinion that we should go in a certain direction. We went that way until we were satisfied that it was the wrong direction. We guessed the way, and tried again, but failed to find a way out of the woods. Someone then thought of the compass. We looked at the compass, but it pointed in a way that seemed to us to be wrong. So we made another guess at the way, but failed, as before, to get out of the forest. We then decided to follow the compass and see where it would lead us. We did so, and it led us out of the forest the first trial. We cannot guess our way out of the wilderness of sin to our Heavenly Home. No one has ever been able to do that; but the Bible will lead us straight out of sin into holiness; from this world to our Heavenly Home. Let us, with confidence, follow its guidance."

To pity is something more than to give, for money is external to a man's self; but he who bestows compassion communicates his own soul.

Shoulders well squared, head well up, a smile, and hope, and the tangle will soon straighten out.

Our Womans Page

HOME LEAGUE NEWS FROM OKLAHOMA

MRS. MAJOR BENNETT left Divisional Headquarters last week, arriving in Picher, Friday afternoon, where Mrs. Envoy Carmickle had eight women gathered in the hall that a Home League might be organized. Both the Home League and the League of Mercy side of this department were gone into. The new Home League was formed with eight members. Mrs. Carmickle will look after them for the present. We believe that they will be a very great help in this mining center.

Mrs. Major Bennett

On Saturday, Mrs. Captain Amberger joined Mrs. Bennett in Pawhuska. Had good meetings over the week-end, and on Monday afternoon Captain Lela Thorn had called a special meeting for the members of the Home League. Mrs. Amberger's singing and Mrs. Bennett's talk were well received. The Home League here is planning bigger things for the future.

Following this meeting, Captain Thorn drove Mrs. Bennett to Bartlesville, where we went into different phases of corps activities in conversation with Envoy and Mrs. Collins. Mrs. Collins was the very efficient Home League Secretary in Sapulpa previous to their going to Bartlesville, the first of February—so it was only to be expected that she would get a good start on Home League lines in this their first appointment on the field. She reports that already the League has been reorganized and she hopes and believes they will prove of great value to the corps in the future.

Then there are notes to hand from several of the corps officers regarding the Home League. Captain Halfhill writes that in spite of the fact that he lost his old Home League Secretary, the Home League is forging ahead, planning food sales and other ways and means to help him raise the Self-Denial target in Sapulpa.

Mrs. Adjutant Thronberg in writing of her League, says: "My League is not only a great help so far as the corps work or any special activities are concerned, but they are a real spiritual help in the corps, and I can depend upon them for anything where they can be used."

When I was a little boy my father was dead, but I had an uncle Jake, a farmer. We went to see him, and he wore patches on his trousers. When I got home I wanted patches on my trousers.

Later my mother got married and I thought my step-father was a wonderful man. I thought he was so strong that if any one got him angry they wouldn't last before him ten minutes. I thought he knew so much that if he and the dictionary didn't agree, then the dictionary must be wrong. But when I got older I found him out. I found I had overrated his strength and wisdom and virtue and he wasn't such a wonderful man after all. I was disillusioned.

While this may happen with our earthly father, it will never happen with our Heavenly Father. The older we grow and the better we know God the greater He becomes in our eyes and the more wonderful are His divine attributes.—Colonel Brengle.

GARDENING

THE SUCCULENT BEAN CROP.

YOU WILL want to grow beans in your garden and some of you who are new in the horticultural work will ask, "What kind of beans are best?" While the experienced gardener will have his tried and tested varieties and not care to change; but there is always interest in trying another variety of anything.

Beans as a rule are rather susceptible to cold and damp and for that reason should not be planted until the ground is warm, and the earlier the planting the more care should be taken to select those varieties least susceptible to cold. Black Valentine is one of the best for early planting and is a heavy cropper; but the pods should be used young as they develop stringiness as they age; but make excellent dry beans for boiling or baking.

For warmer weather there are no finer beans than the wax varieties—Wardwells and Davis kidney wax—a beautiful cream colored pod entirely stringless, tender, buttery and a good bearer—if the pods are kept picked from any beans as fast as they are grown the plants will continue to produce all summer and one will have green beans until hard frost. And these wax beans make excellent beans for baking with pork and are larger than the Navy or Boston beans. If the beans are not picked clean and more or less pods ripen it will be worth while to gather these as they ripen as in this way a larger crop will be secured for, left on the vines, many will shell out and more get on the ground and rot. In this respect there is an advantage in the pole snap beans; but there is seldom room in the small home garden for pole beans; but if one has a back porch why not utilize it to grow them using strings instead of poles? All bean foliage is ornamental and they do not self-sow annoyingly like the so popular morning-glory. Kentucky Wonder or Old Homestead and Dreer's Golden Cluster Wax—this last especially will be an excellent choice. And think of just stepping out on the porch and gathering a mess of beans in a few moments!

Lima beans should not be planted until the ground is warm—after May 10th in latitude of Chicago—and the dwarf, bush Limas—Fordhook Bush Lima and Burpin Bush Lima being the right choice.

Bush Limas should always be planted with the eye down one inch deep in light soil and six inches or more apart, and keep the chickens out of the garden when these are coming through: they do not bother the seedling strings but the Limas seem to have an irresistible attraction for them.

Limas should have the best of soil: Well enriched, and clean cultivation; drawing the earth up about the stem to support it, but beans must never be worked when the least bit wet, either with rain or dew. And in cleaning up the garden do not pull up the bean roots as they add nitrogen to the soil.

House to House Visitation as a Means to Boosting the Home League

By Mrs. Colonel Damon

In connection with the recent awakening that has taken place in Sioux City, and the new Corps opened, it is very gratifying to the Home League Department to know that the No. 1 Home League members had a large share in the success of the new opening.

As a result of house to house visitation by six of the League members, twenty-five of the families visited have been represented at the meetings and show decided interest and appreciation for the Army's presence in their midst. Not only was the senior work

MRS. COLONEL DAMON.

helped by the visitation but the attendance at the Company Meeting was doubled.

What has been done in Sioux City could be duplicated in many places.

The primary object of the Home League is to bring cheer and blessing to the Homes. A personal visit from a comrade whose heart is full of desire to bless and help, is sure to find a response from many sad and lonely hearts. Through this means many would be linked up to the Home League and eventually to the Corps.

Try It Comrades

WITH THE INDIANAPOLIS NO. 1 HOME LEAGUE

SPLENDID PROGRESS is being made by the Home League at this corps. A recent sale of work has surpassed all previous efforts and we have been able to hand over $150 to our corps officers, Ensign and Mrs. Beasley.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Shearer.

Much interest was shown in the decoration of the various booths, and great credit is due to those who worked hard to make them attractive. Members of the League smashed their Self-Denial target of $50.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Shearer, Home League Secretary, has already made plans for a future sale of work, and several new members have been added to our ranks.—Sister Denchfield.

MEATS THAT ARE EASILY DIGESTED

Food Authority Lists Good and Poor in Protein Diet.

HERE IS the rating that Dr. Julius Friedenwald, of Baltimore, author of many books and papers on digestion, gives to the various meats, as to their digestibility:

BEEF: Easy to digest.

MUTTON: Easy to digest.

VEAL: Rather difficult; must remain in stomach longer than beef.

LAMB: As digestible as beef or mutton when of the proper age and tenderness.

PORK: Least digestible of all meats.

BACON: Most digestible of the fatty meats; especially digestible when cooked crisp in thin slices.

CHICKEN: Easy to digest.

SQUAB: Quite digestible.

DUCK: Less digestible than chicken; contains too great a proportion of fat.

GOOSE: Same as duck.

GAME: Easily digested, especially the meat of the breast.

Several factors enter into the digestibility of meat, says Dr. Friedenwald; among them are the age at which the animal was killed, the length of time the meat is kept before being eaten, and the method of cooking.

Stewed meats are the most easily digested; fried are the most difficult.—Hygeia.

Twenty Per-cent Campaign Advances

Sister Alice Potts, a soldier of the Champaign (Ill.) corps, who raised $120 for the Self-Denial effort.

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MUSCATINE, IOWA.
Envoy and Mrs. Slous.

On the week-end of April 18 and 19 we had Captain Duerr, the Divisional Young People's Secretary, with us; we had fine meetings all day, and good crowds around the open-air meeting.

On Saturday night after meeting Captain Duerr and the officers went up to the hospital to see a dying woman, and were able to pray with her, and find out that her peace was made with God.

* * *

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, NO. 8.
Captain Bowling and Envoy Boulton.

The farewell meeting held last night at Chicago No. 8 was one which will be long remembered by the twelve souls who knelt at our penitent-form. Brigadier Hunter, Territorial Prison Secretary, brought the message to us which emphasized the necessity of farewelling from sin in order to live and die right. The first meeting in our new hall will be held on Saturday night, two blocks south of the old location. Chicago No. 8 has the reputation of having more souls at the penitent-form during the past twenty-two years than any other corps in the territory.

* * *

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN.
Captain and Mrs. John Berling.

Captain and Mrs. Berling, accompanied by the corps band, motored to the Oneida Indian Reservation, some eighteen miles west of Green Bay, and helped to open an outpost of the Army there April 26. About 100 people were present and much interest was shown. Brother and Sister Wisor are in charge of the work at this outpost. The meeting conducted at the Green Bay Corps at night was very profitable and proved a great blessing to all. Two men came to the penitent-form, finding Christ as their personal Savior.

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FLINT, MICHIGAN.
Adjutant and Mrs. Phil Gerringer.

Mrs. Brigadier Sheppard of Detroit paid a visit to the Flint Corps last Sunday and conducted two very helpful services. The holiness meeting in the morning was a soul-stirring time. After a selection by the band and solo by the Deputy Bandmaster, Mrs. Brigadier Sheppard brought a holiness message that touched the hearts of those present. In the 7:30 salvation rally, the large crowd present participated in the Self-Denial ingathering. The Senior Auditorium had been decorated with the flags of all nations, and a miniature straw hut was placed at the altar to receive the ingathering. While the band played a march, a number of comrades, dressed in native costumes of the Missionary Fields of the Army, marched around the hall and stood at attention by the miniature hut which was carried away after the offering was received. At the close of the meeting the Corps Secretary reported that about $1,300 had been realized to date. Mrs. Brigadier Sheppard gave a soul-stirring message and, at the conclusion of the meeting, five souls were found at the altar seeking salvation.

* * *

BURLINGTON, IOWA.
Captain and Mrs. George Watt.

Candidate's Sunday was observed in a very unusual way, but all to the glory of God and the advancement of His Kingdom. The two little daughters of Sister Bentalo were dedicated to God and the Army by Captain Watt. We expect in a few short years they will be candidates, for they are being raised to be real Salvationists. God wonderfully blessed all present at the meetings.

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NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.
Captain Wolf and Lieutenant Wheatley.

A very beautiful service was conducted at this corps when the Easter program and the commemoration of the Founder's birthday were combined. Mention was made of the first days of the Salvation Army and the life of the General by the Captain. The tableau of the "Death and Resurrection of Christ" and the scene of the Floral Cross were the main features of the evening.

* * *

OSKALOOSA, IOWA.
Captain Tubbs and Lieutenant Bowe.

A glorious time of soul saving is being experienced at this corps, with splendid meetings and good crowds. Hearts are being touched and sinners are seeking God. People from all the small surrounding towns are coming in and joining in with us, resulting in souls being saved.

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ROYAL OAK, MICHIGAN.
Captain and Mrs. Trevithick.

Commandant Mrs. Symmonds visited this corps Sunday, April 20, and beginning Saturday through the Sunday meetings to the hallelujah windup at night, we had a great feast for our souls. Mrs. Symmonds was at the helm during every meeting and one dear soul came forward in the holiness meeting and five precious souls knelt at the foot of the cross in the night meeting.

* * *

THIEF RIVER FALLS, MINNESOTA.
Ensign Lane and Lieutenant Johnson.

This corps has had the pleasure of a visit from Ensign Westbrook over a recent week-end and much good was accomplished. Large crowds gathered around the first street meeting, many following us to the hall, with many turned away because of lack of room. The attendance was good at every meeting, and the Spirit of God was manifested in a special way, resulting in souls weeping their way to the mercy-seat. Ensign Westbrook's singing and playing attracted many people to the meetings.

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MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.
Captain Lester Walden.

Captain Duerr, Divisional Y. P. Secretary, was with us for Easter Sunday. A spectacular missionary parade was held Saturday night, attracting one of the largest open-air crowds ever seen in the city and was followed by a missionary demonstration in the hall. The meetings were well attended Easter Sunday and in the evening an Easter tableau was given by the young people. Sunday, April 19, we had the joy of seeing four souls out for salvation, making a total of five souls for the week-end. Yesterday our meetings were used by God to bring conviction to many hearts. In the morning jail meeting one man requested us to pray for him and in the holiness meeting one soul sought and found the blessing of a clean heart. Again in the night meeting the Spirit of God was manifested in a wonderful way when four souls knelt at the foot of the cross.

* * *

EAST CHICAGO, INDIANA.
Envoy and Mrs. Elcombe.

The meetings on Candidate Sunday were very helpful and encouraging with the Corps Cadet Brigade taking a very active part in the night meeting. The Young People's Sergeant-Major brought the message to us, proving a great blessing, resulting in one soul seeking salvation. The 20 per cent mark has been passed in self-denial, War Cry and Young Soldier order, Cradle Roll, Y. P. L. and senior soldiers.

PERU, INDIANA.
Captain and Mrs. Samsel.

Easter Sunday was a blessed day, with all the meetings well attended. There were forty-seven in attendance at the company meeting. The night meeting was very impressive, with one soldier enrolled. The Captain delivered a stirring message touching the hearts of many. Sunday night was also the close of our self-denial effort which ended in real victory.

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MUSCATINE, IOWA.
Envoy and Mrs. Slous.

We are having splendid meetings in Muscatine. On Saturday and Sunday, April 25 and 26, the hall was filled each night, and at the close of the Sunday night meeting there were six hands raised for prayer.

On Saturday afternoon the officers, Envoy and Mrs. Slous, were called to the dying bed of a woman who had not been to church for several years, and before they left they had the joy of leading her to Christ.

On Tuesday night, April 28, we had a splendid meeting, and although it was raining hard there was a nice crowd out, and at the close of the meeting we had one convert and two backsliders seeking the Savior, praise God.

Milwaukee's Remarkable Councils

160 Souls Are Saved and 70 Candidates Pledged.

The outstanding feature of the week was the Milwaukee Councils, led by Commissioner William Peart, in which 160 souls were saved and 70 candidates secured for officership.

SMALL TOWN NETS 49 AT PENITENT-FORM.

Field-Major Stuart, of Oklahoma, tells us that he was recently called to a small town near Enid by the pastor of the local church. The meeting which followed his arrival was marked by its enthusiasm and by the size of the crowd which filled the church. Every available bit of standing room was taken. At the close 49 came weeping to the altar and claimed salvation. Local people said it was the greatest event in the history of the church.

HERE'S ANOTHER FROM OKLAHOMA.

Writing from Bristow, Okla., Captain Gibbs says:

"No doubt you will be pleased to know that we had a wonderful, victorious week-end. Our hall was filled to overflowing Sunday night, with at least fifteen who failed to find seats inside. Had six wonderful conversions, all young people, with ages from 14 to 21, at the close of our Sunday night meeting. God is being good to us in Bristow."

Commissioner William Peart and staff officers, gathered for councils at Chicago recently.

In the Maelstrom of Sin

(Continued From Page 10.)

into the abyss of Damnation and Eternal Death.

"Thank God, I have also seen men and women cling to the Cross in almost the last descent, and it has kept them afloat till the turn of the tide of God's mercy had delivered them from damnation. But, mark you, they have been badly broken by the flood.

"Can you wonder, then, my young friend," continued the old man, "that I am down upon harmless amusements, when I know them to be in reality so dreadfully harmful?"

"No, sir, I cannot," replied the young man; "I will take heed to my ways."

* * * * *

Reader, this is an allegory, but it is true in substance and in fact, as you very well know. Will you take warning from it, and flee from the maelstrom of sin? J. B.

Why Not Settle It?

HAVE YOU A SOUL? A woman was very angry once when I asked her this. "What do you mean?" she said. "Do you mean to insult me? Of course I have a soul as much as you have."

"I am glad to hear it. Is it saved?"

"Saved? No, I don't know that it is."

"Then, how monstrously inconsistent for you to be so offended at my asking if you had a soul, and in the next breath you confess it is not saved. Do you not see what monstrous folly it is to profess to have a soul, and yet never to take one hour's serious consideration to know how it is to be saved? You had better believe you have no soul at all; you would be far less inconsistent and wicked."

MY FRIEND, HAVE YOU A SOUL? Will you stand there and tell me you have and at the same time that you have never taken any time to consider what is to become of it—that you have never faced the great problems of God's Book, nor asked yourself what you are going to do in case of death—that you have no plan for salvation, and yet you believe you have a soul!

Surely the time past will suffice for such folly. You will act like a rational being, you will face the fact of your soul's destiny, and settle the question whether you will be saved or lost forever. Will you? I call on you in the name of reason, of God, of Christ, of eternity, to settle it, whether you will have your soul saved or not.—THE ARMY MOTHER.

THE GREAT DIVIDE

By Lieut.-Colonel George Wood

IN TRAVELING out West you will find in all the great trans-continental railroad time tables a spot which is marked down as "The Continental Divide" and you will be told that all water falling on one side of that spot will eventually find its way into the Atlantic Ocean while all on the other side make their tortuous way to the Pacific. It, however, is not that Divide that I wish to speak about.

Almost since the dawn of time, at least from the day of Babel, mankind has been divided up in groups, large and small, and in spite of the rise of various great empires which for a time threatened to consolidate mankind, these divisions, with some little revisings from time to time, have continued and will continue. We have great races, which are split up into countries, provinces, states, counties, cities, etc. And in our cities many would like to divide themselves up into castes with their Upper Four Hundred of the "elite."

But when we read our Bibles we find that God Almighty, when He takes His place as the Great Divider, draws a very clear-cut definite line and all people of all races are placed on one side or the other of that Great Divide and you and I belong to one crowd or the other, regardless of our nationality, or place of residence, or condition in life. In Revelations 22:11 we find these very striking words:

"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

So that if we are not actually numbered among those, who through faith in our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, can say with a truth that we have been made righteous and holy; then there is no other alternative, but we are numbered with the unjust and filthy.

And the unjust are joined with the filthy. It is not necessary that a person should be an out-and-out sinner, filthy in mind and word and deed, blasphemous, infidel, blatant defier of God and His goodness and mercy; licentious, drunken, immoral, criminal or law-breaking to be on the wrong side of the Great Divide. The unjust are there, unjust to their God by refusing to admit their sinfulness and seek His pardoning mercy; by endeavoring to enter the gate through their self-righteousness and good deeds and morality instead of accepting the Blood of the Son of God as their mediation, and thus unjust to themselves by missing the greatest thing in life. Only the Blood can save, no creeds or forms can stand the storm; only the Blood can save.

And, my friend, not only are you on the wrong side, but you are there of your own free will and choice. You do not have to be numbered among the unjust and go to hell with the filthy if you do not choose to. You are a free moral agent; you have the power within you which can rise up in all its manhood and say, "Christ for me." Do not blame your condition on your environments, friends, heredity, or even the devil. You are the masters of your own soul and destiny and it is for you to "choose this day whom you will serve." It is for you to cast aside your doubts and fears and throw yourself on His Almighty arm and let Him be your guide and strength. Oh, what folly it is for men and women to try and put the blame somewhere else. Oh, the excuses we hear from such lips when the straight question is put, "Why do you not cross the divide?" "If it were not for my wife," says the man. "If it were not for my husband," says the woman. "If it were not for my parents, my chums, my schoolmates," says the boy or girl. "My job is against me." Excuses! Excuses Excuses! Remember, you cannot be an Independent or a Mugwump in this matter. You cannot straddle this fence. Up in Texarkana one can stand with one foot in Texas and the other in Arkansas; down South a person can stand on the International Border with one-half of oneself in the U. S. A. and the other half in Mexico, but not so with God's Great Divide. "He that is not for Me is against Me," said the Christ Himself; if the Blood has not been applied we are none of His. We are on the one side or the other right now and we are there because we choose to be.

My appeal to you, my friend, therefore, is to cross the Divide, and to cross it now, without delay, for "Now is the accepted time and NOW is the day of Salvation." It must be crossed in time, in this life, if it is to be crossed at all. Your good intentions and desires will not avail after the summons has gone forth and your soul has been called to its reckoning. "As a tree falls so it lies," and as death finds you, so must you appear at the judgment bar of God. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust STILL: he which is filthy, let him be filthy STILL." You must be judged by the life and character you built up here and if it was unjust so it will remain.

To my appeal God adds His solemn warning in the next verse: "Behold I come quickly; and my reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be." God's great loving heart yearns over His wayward children and to the very end of the last chapter of the last book in His Word He breathes out His appeals and cries out His warnings, but having made us free moral agents (upstanding men and women are not mere animals), this is as far as He can go. He cannot compel you to change against your will; but if you see your folly and desire to make the change, all the powers of infinite love and mercy are at your command. His grace will be sufficient for you. He is coming and quickly, so let us act wisely and in time leave the unjust and filthy side of the Great Divide and join the blood-washed righteous and holy throng and go singing and rejoicing on our way to Heaven.

Just 'Listen in' on This

A. J. Griffin, President of the Albany Park (Chicago) Kiwanis Club, presenting a new radio set to the Salvation Army Women's Home and Hospital.

We Miss You — Please Help Find These Missing Persons

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe. Address all inquiries to Brigadier Miller, 719 N. State St., Chicago, Ill. A charge of $1 (or $3 with photograph) is made for each inquiry case, to help defray expenses.

L-223—Appel, Louis Andrew. Born in Dandisky, Ohio. Age, 28; height, 5 ft. 8½ in.; brown hair; smooth face; gray eyes. Last heard from in San Francisco, Calif. Sept. 23, 1923. Served in the World War. Sister anxious to locate him.

L-278—Christiansen, Frederick. Born in 1864 in Aarus, Denmark. May 16, 1882, left Denmark and changed his name to Petersen. Last heard from March, 1885. May be in Kansas City, Mo. Notify this office.

L-270—Wilson, Mrs. Julia A. Age, 74; height, 4 ft. 10 in.; dark complexion; born in U. S. of French parentage. Last heard from 20 years ago. Last known address, Vineland, N. J. Before marriage, her name was Julia Baley. Her sister, Mrs. J. Hussey of Hartford, Conn., and son, Mr. A. W. Vaughn of 3854 Washington St., Jamaica Plain, Mass., anxious to get in touch with her.

L-271—Mention, Robert Benjamin, alias Geo. D. Wilson. Age, about 37; 5 ft. in height; black hair; dark eyes; colored; born in George-town, S. Car. Mother has important news which will be to his advantage. Notify this office.

L-274—Miller, George Peter. Last heard from May, 1897, from Nyack, N. Y. Moved to Hackensack, N. J. Any information notify this office.

L-265—Pigeon, Alexander. Born in Montreal, Canada. Age, 33; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; fair complexion. Disappeared from his home in Montreal, Oct. 27, 1924. Wore gray suit, fawn overcoat, tan shoes, black and white checked cap. Wife anxious.

L-268—Barrows, Louis. Missing from his home since Sept. 5, 1924. 15 years of age. Mother anxious. Notify this office. (See picture.)

L-269—Last heard from 20 years ago. Last known address, 4723 Rockwell st., Chicago, Ill. Friends in Europe inquire.

L-277—Stohr, Otto. Missing since 1914. Last heard from Berlin, Ont., Canada. 37 years of age; baker by trade. Father in Germany anxious to hear.

L-157—Lonnberg, Edwin R. Born March 29, 1885, in Finland. Medium height; dark hair. Last known employer was the Ford Motor Co., St. Louis, Mo. Notify this office.

L-243—Banks, Rosie Smith. Formerly of Reading, Eng. Later in Oceana Co., Mich., where she was left a widow to manage a mill. Was a lieutenant in the Salvation Army under Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Stillwell Cox. About 60 years of age. Notify this office.

L-249—Birtrand, Edward. Born on Christmas day, 27 years of age. When very small was adopted by George Hodges of Springfield, Ohio, who is supposed to be a race-horse man. Father's name Edward Birtrand, mother's name, Myrtle Hurley Birtrand. Notify this office.

L-248—Hade, Lafayette Lonzza. Born at Mercersberg, Pa., May 30, 1893. Last heard from Erie, Pa., in 1911, at which time he was working on boats. Sister inquires.

L-246—Fannie, Sigur, Engvar, Younggren. Last known address, 193 N. Carpenter St., Chicago, Ill. Brother inquires. Notify this office.

L-245—Rehbach, Rudolf Edmonth. Born in Germany, Feb. 3, 1894. A newspaper reporter by profession. Last heard from in 1922, when he was Secretary of the German Child-feeding Committee, and lived in Seattle, Wash. In October, 1923, said he was going to Chicago. Grandmother in Germany inquiring. Notify this office.

L-242—Walters, Isaac. Sailor by occupation; likes to work in steel mills also. Last heard from in May, 1920. 50 years of age; medium height; medium weight; Scotchman by birth; fair complexion; sandy mustache; blue eyes. Notify this office.

L-239—Sorenson, Sofie. Born in Norway. Relation in Norway wish to communicate.

L-175—Foster, Rose. Age, 45; 5 ft. 6 in. in height; gray eyes; dark brown hair; weight, 155 lbs. Missing since the 21st of January, 1923. Husband has changed and is anxious to hear from her. Notify this office. (See picture.)

L-235—Parker, Bascom Read. Age, 55; tall; brown eyes; broad shoulders. Last known address P. O. Box 513, Goldfield Nev. $25.00 reward for information, if he is either living or dead.

L-234—Shaffor, Richard Watts. Born in Louisville, Ky. Age, 32. Last heard from Indianapolis, Ind. Left home when 15 years of age. Large, would pass for 20. Light hair; hazel eyes; good disposition. In U. S. service. Mother anxious.

L-65—Relaford, Ernest White; age, 16; dark eyes; brown hair; weight about 137 lbs; about 5 ft. 7 in. tall; pimples on face and has appearance of frown between eyes. Left home, 227 Highland Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 28, 1924. Mother will give $2.00 reward for information leading to the recovery of her boy. Any information notify Chief of Police, Indianapolis, Ind., or this office. (See picture.)

L-40—Carey, Emma Jane. Age, 16. Left her home in Canandaigua, N. Y., Aug. 20th, with Elmer Gould, age, 18; believed to have gone off with boy's uncle, Fred Lansadone, who lives in Los Angeles, and was at one time in the employ of the Salvation Army in that city. Any information, notify this office.

L-61—Southerland, John Edward. Came to America from Sweden in 1893; age, 50; height, 6 ft.; black hair; gray eyes; fair complexion. Last heard from 24 years ago, Iron Belt, Wis. Worked in mines, may be in California. Sister Charlotte Stuerer, 222 E. 87th st, New York City, anxious to locate him.

K-990—Bye, Arndt Johan. Born in Norway, 1892. Dark hair; last heard from in 1911. Laborer by occupation. Brother in Norway anxious for news.

L-60—Butts, Fred Adelbert. 5 ft. 8 in. in height; weight, 150 lbs.; strongly built; dark hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Served three years in U. S. Navy on Battleship "Texas," discharged Oct. 22, 1923, at San Francisco, not heard from since. Mother and aunt much worried, anxious for news.

L-62—Irempe, Miss Ruth Louis. Born in Newark, N. J., June 24, 1886. Mother died same year. Mother's maiden name, Gerda Tjulander. Father's name, Charles Irempe. Mother's sister, Mrs. Berthan Jonson, address Box 598, Tierp, Sweden, anxious to communicate.

L-52—Hanson or Delahunt, Mrs. Winnifred. Last heard from at 116 Deviller St., Pensacola, Fla. Any information notify this office.

L-28—McCosh, Robert. Clerk perhaps in hardware store. 5 ft. 6 in. in height; gray hair; blue eyes; medium frame; Scotch descent. Born in Burlington, Iowa. Any information, notify this office.

L-54—Thomas, Harry or Harold Andreas. Age, 35 or 36; height, 5 ft. 8 in.; light brown hair; fair complexion; blue eyes; left eye crossed or has cast in it. Born in Phoenix, Ariz., and member of Masons. Typewriter mechanic by trade. Left home in Montreal, Canada, Nov. 1, 1924. Relatives anxious.

L-53—Hagan, John. Age about 30; when 2 years of age was adopted by Mrs. Laura Gresham, of Essex, Va. Sister, Mrs. Young, anxious to get in touch with him. Notify this office.

H-826—Rasmussen, Rasmus Peter. Born in Denmark, 1885, April 16. Last heard from in 1916 at Lafayette Ave., St. Paul, Minn. Medium height; brown hair; painter by trade. Notify this office.

K-168—Heath, B. G. 5 ft. 6 in. in height; brown hair; dark eyes. Was a Marine during the War. Discharged from the Pa. U. S. Marines, Co. 110, Corporal. Any information, notify this office.

J-366—Zahlten, Joseph. Born in Germany, 43 years of age. Last known address, Detroit, Mich. Brother in Germany inquires.

L-133—Gulbrandsen, Johan Oskar. Born in Oslo, Norway, 1887. Tall; slender; dark hair; blue eyes. Last known address, Makoti, N. D. Mother anxious for news. Notify this office.

L-17—Gersowitz, Isadors. Jewish; single; 18 years of age; dark complexion, black hair; brown eyes; weight about 130 lbs. Missing two years. Last known address, Kingsley, Kan. Went by the name of Rubin Dennis at the Y. M. C. A. in Kansas.

K-820—Stuk, Johannes or Kennedy, John Arthur. Has been in military service. Born in Holland. Last known address, Detroit, Mich. Mother anxious for news. Notify this office.

L-130—Jensen, Niels Braad. Born in Hordum, Denmark, June 8, 1897. Last known address, Des Moines, Iowa. Notify this office.

L-101—Storeng, Andreas Christensen. Born in Norway, 1884. Medium height; dark brown hair; blue eyes. Last heard from in August, 1919. Last known address, Duluth, Minn. Brother anxious for news.

L-268

L-175

L-65

Territorial Results

DIVISIONAL STANDING.

ISSUE NO. 229. DATED MAY 16, 1925.

Division—	Sales.	Avg.
Oklahoma—Bennett	7,010	369
Gulf—Hepper	3,565	356
Lake—Anderson	7,527	342
Michigan—Dunham	7,908	304
Northern—Barker	11,840	282
Central Illinois—Andrews	6,335	275
Kansas—Norris	6,995	259
Southwestern—White	6,320	253
Midland—Andrews	5,780	251
Indiana—Sowers	6,747	241
West. Mich. & No. Ind.—Stretton	5,070	230
Chicago & No. Ill.—Withers	4,435	222
Iowa—Marshall	3,363	210
Nebraska—Lundgren	2,425	187
Central Scandinavian—Nilson	1,216	34
Training College—Martin	3,000	
Women's Social—Cowden	1,550	
Miscellaneous	1,610	
Total and average	92,696	263

INCREASES.

	From	To
Pekin, Ill.—Capt. Weber	175	200
Kokomo, Ind.—Capt. King	..	100
Des Moines, Iowa—Capt. Nose-worthy	300	400
Boyne City, Mich.—Capt. Randall	65	80
Detroit, Mich., No. 1—Adjt. Fookes	1,600	2,260
Springfield, Mo., No. 1—Capt. Schultz	300	400
Jefferson City, Mo.—Env. Graham	110	125
St. Louis, Mo., No. 1—Field-Major Dunton	375	425
Norfolk, Neb.—Capt. Broas	150	200
Dallas, Texas, No. 3—Env. Baldry	100	125

DECREASES.

	From	To
Orange, Texas—Env. Mayfield	180	150
Tulsa, Okla.—Adjt. Malott	2,210	1,810
Breckenridge, Texas—Env. Hamilton	250	200

THE LEADERS IN THE TERRITORY.

Detroit, Mich., No. 1—Adjt. J. Fookes	2,260
Tulsa, Okla.—Adjt. Ray Malott	1,810
Minneapolis, Minn., No. 1—Ens. J. Mallinson	1,250
Wichita Falls, Texas—Comdt. O. Johnson	1,100
St. Paul, Minn.—Adjt. Stamp	1,000
Evansville, Ind.—Adjt. Crismier	1,000
Flint, Mich.—Adjt. Phil Gerringer	1,000

CENTRAL ILLINOIS DIVISION.

Danville, Ill.—Adjt. Wight	800
Springfield, Ill.—Comdt. Smith	700
Decatur, Ill.—Ens. Neal	675
Peoria, Ill.—Ens. Paton	400
Kewanee, Ill.—Capt. Ethridge	300
Pana, Ill.—Capt. Williamson	300
Galesburg, Ill.—Ens. Sharp	290
Pontiac, Ill.—Supply Honing	255
Ottawa, Ill.—Capt. Kinson	250
Taylorville, Ill.—Capt. Summers	220
Bloomington, Ill.—Capt. Jobe	200
Champaign, Ill.—Ens. McAlearney	200
Pekin, Ill.—Capt. Weber	200
Quincy, Ill.—Capt. Tiemann	200
Streator, Ill.—Capt. Landes	200

CHICAGO AND NORTHERN ILLINOIS DIVISION.

Rockford, Ill.—Ens. Symmonds	605
Aurora, Ill.—Adjt. Ward	410
Gary, Ind.—Comdt. Moore	405
East Chicago, Ind.—Env. Elcombe	360
Chicago, Ill., No. 8—Capt. Bowling	335
Waukegan, Ill.—Adjt. King	300
Elgin, Ill.—Capt. Davis	300
Chicago, Ill., No. 4—Capt. Shannon	200
Kankakee, Ill.—Capt. Bush	200
Joliet, Ill.—Capt. Cheyne	200

INDIANA DIVISION.

Evansville, Ind.—Adjt. Crismier	1,000
Indianapolis, Ind., No. 1—Ens. Beasley	625
Terre Haute, Ind.—Comdt. Wiggins	600
Anderson, Ind.—Capt. Johnson	432
Bedford, Ind.—Capt. Harper	400
Lafayette, Ind.—Adjt. Vanderpool	360
Vincennes, Ind.—Ens. Beck	350
Richmond, Ind.—Adjt. Sherwood	315
New Albany, Ind.—Ens. Sparks	300
Connersville, Ind.—Lieut. Caldwell	225
Pendleton Reformatory	200
Marion, Ind.—Capt. Calvert	200

IOWA DIVISION.

Des Moines, Iowa—Capt. Noseworthy	400
Keokuk, Iowa—Lieut. Tulk	350
Burlington, Iowa—Capt. Watt	325
Dubuque, Iowa—Comdt. Clark	300
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Ens. Backovich	250
Waterloo, Iowa—Comdt. Rowe	250
Fort Dodge, Iowa—Capt. Wolfe	225
Marshalltown, Iowa—Capt. Walden	225
Davenport, Iowa—Ens. Foreman	200

GULF DIVISION.

New Orleans, La.—Ens. Lambrecht	690
Houston, Texas—Capt. Cherb	650
Shreveport, La.—Capt. Carr	475
Port Arthur, Texas—Env. Walters	300
Galveston, Texas—Capt. Hurch	300
Beaumont, Texas—Capt. Stiles	250
Lake Charles, La.—Env. Thorp	200
Alexandria, La.—Capt. Shivers	200

KANSAS AND WESTERN MISSOURI DIVISION.

Wichita, Kan.—Field-Major Calhoun	800
Kansas City, Mo., No. 3—Capt. Triplett	765
Kansas City, Mo., No. 1—Adjt. Marshall	650
Topeka, Kan.—Comdt. Reno	425
Arkansas City, Kan.—Capt. Crowell	350
Kansas City, Kan.—Ens. Seaman	350
Hutchinson, Kan.—Ens. Nevitt	300
Pittsburg, Kan.—Adjt. Nelson	300
Junction City, Kan.—Capt. Redburn	250
Newton, Kan.—Ens. Couch	225
Ottawa, Kan.—Adjt. Schasse	225
El Dorado—Env. Bundick	225
Winfield, Kan.—Capt. Geer	220
St. Joseph, Mo.—Ens. Huffman	210
Emporia, Kan.—Capt. Unruh	200

LAKE DIVISION.

Milwaukee, Wis., No. 1—Field-Major Parkhouse	725
Racine, Wis.—Adjt. Redgrove	600
Green Bay, Wis.—Capt. Berling	535
Appleton, Wis.—Supply Shaw	550
Marquette, Mich.—Capt. Nicholls	420
Iron Mountain, Mich.—Capt. Blanks	400
Oshkosh, Wis.—Capt. Dermody	350
Beloit, Wis.—Capt. Henningson	300
Eau Claire, Wis.	300
Houghton, Mich.—Capt. Schrader	300
Superior, Wis.—Capt. Nelligan	300
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—Comdt. Connor	280
Madison, Wis.—Capt. Preston	270
Ironwood, Mich.—Comdt. Dahl	270
Manitowoc, Wis.—Capt. Torgerson	252
Janesville, Wis.—Capt. Anderson	250
Sheboygan, Wis.—Adjt. Bittorf	250
La Crosse, Wis.—Capt. Whitworth	250
Ishpeming, Mich.—Capt. Dermody	240
Kenosha, Wis.—Field-Maj. Williamson	225
Calumet, Mich.—Capt. Agre	205
Ashland, Wis.—Capt. Rule	200

MICHIGAN DIVISION.

Detroit, Mich., No. 1—Adjt. Fookes	2,260
Flint, Mich.—Adjt. Gerringer	1,000
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Ens. Wilkins	475
Saginaw, Mich.—Capt. Tanner	402
Port Huron, Mich.—Field-Major Staiger	400
Battle Creek, Mich.—Capt. Cheyne	352
Pontiac, Mich.—Capt. Bobney	302
Lansing, Mich.—Adjt. Ellis	300
Bay City, Mich.—Comdt. Northrup	250
Jackson, Mich.—Capt. Clements	250
Detroit, Mich., No. 6—Capt. Trevithick	200
Detroit, Mich., No. 4—Capt. Pepper	200

MIDLAND DIVISION.

Fort Smith, Ark.—Comdt. Graham	500
St. Louis, Mo., No. 4—Ens. Moss	480
East St. Louis, Ill.—Capt. Stevens	450
St. Louis, Mo., No. 1—Field-Major Dunton	425
Little Rock, Ark.—Capt. Boone	400
Alton, Ill.—Ens. Myers	375
Springfield, Mo.—Capt. Shultz	300
Cairo, Ill.—Capt. Pridgen	275
Hannibal, Mo.—Capt. Buchanan	250
Hot Springs, Ark.—Adjt. Knudson	200
Joplin, Mo.—Adjt. Porter	200
Granite City, Ill.—Capt. Dorsett	200
St. Louis, Mo., No. 5—Lieut. Buchanan	200
West Frankfort, Ill.—Capt. Hall	200

NEBRASKA DIVISION.

Lincoln, Neb.—Capt. Hoppes	500
Omaha, Neb., No. 1—Ens. Keene	300
Grand Island, Neb.—Comdt. Elwood	275
Norfolk, Neb.	200

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Minneapolis, Minn., No. 1—Ens. Mallinson	1,250
St. Paul, Minn.—Adjt. Stamp	1,000
Virginia, Minn.—Capt. Petrie	720
Fargo, N. D.—Ens. Larsen	610
Duluth, Minn., No. 1—Comdt. Dundas	425
Sioux Falls, S. D.—Capt. Brewer	260
Hibbing, Minn.—Capt. Whitmarsh	250
Fergus Falls, Minn.—Capt. Hendrickson	310
Aberdeen, S. D.—Adjt. Sherping	305
Watertown, S. D.—Capt. Hanson	300
Grand Forks, N. D.—Mrs. Adjt. Alder	255
Bismarck, N. D.—Adjt. Piercy	250
Jamestown, N. D.—Adjt. Roberts	250
Little Falls, Minn.—Capt. Helfenstein	250
Lead City, S. D.—Capt. Hathaway	250
Mankato, Minn.—Capt. Wiseman	250
Huron, S. D.—Capt. Stebbins	250
Winona, Minn.—Envoy Gauw	250
Minot, N. D.—Capt. Merchant	245
Devils Lake, N. D.—Comdt. Perch	240
Fairmont, Minn.—Capt. Wm. Kelly	225
Rochester, Minn.—Ens. Sorenson	225
Red Wing, Minn.—Capt. Roettger	225
St. Cloud, Minn.—Adjt. Saunders	225
Austin, Minn.—Ens. Smead	210
Crookston, Minn.—Adjt. Kirschner	210
Albert Lea, Minn.—Capt. Clifford	200
Bemidji, Minn.—Ens. Asserude	200
Mitchell, S. D.—Adjt. Homer	200
Brookings, S. D.—Capt. Stone	200
Deadwood, So. Dak.—Lieut. Hanson	200

OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

Tulsa, Okla.—Adjt. Roy Malott	1,810
Ardmore, Okla.—Capt. Nobbs	600
Okmulgee, Okla.—Ens. W. Oliver	500
Ponca City, Okla.—Adjt. Throndburg	405
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Adjt. Lewis	400
Enid, Okla.—Field-Major Stuart	350
Bristow, Okla.—Capt. Gibbs	250
Lawton, Okla.—Env. Robinson	300
Pawhuska, Okla.—Capt. L. Thorn	300
Bartlesville, Okla.—Supply Collins	275
McAlester, Okla.—Capt. Dahl	250
Drumright, Okla.—Supply Miller	250
Sapulpa, Okla.—Capt. Halthill	250
Muskogee, Okla.—Capt. Gambrel	225
Picher, Okla.—Env. Carmickle	200

SOUTHWESTERN DIVISION.

Wichita Falls, Texas—Comdt. Johnson	1,100
Dallas, Texas—Comdt. James	700
Fort Worth, Texas—Capt. Nicholls	450
San Antonio, Texas—Ens. Comer	450
Austin, Texas—Capt. Wilks	350
Texarkana, Texas—Capt. Laing	275
Eastland, Texas—Capt. Moore	255
Marfa, Texas—Env. Parker	235
Abilene, Texas—Env. Hopper	200
Breckenridge, Texas—Env. Hamilton	200
Dennison, Texas—Env. Batson	200
Paris, Texas—Mrs. Van Dyke	200
El Dorado, Ark.—Ens. George	200
Waco, Texas—Capt. Casey	200

WESTERN MICHIGAN AND NORTHERN INDIANA DIVISION.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Adjt. Perrett	800
South Bend, Ind.—Adjt. McClellan	525
Muskegon, Mich.—Adjt. Corliss	305
Laporte, Ind.—Capt. Cardiff	300
Grand Haven, Mich.—Capt. Glassbrook	300
Kalamazoo, Mich.—Capt. Hunt	250
Michigan City, Ind.—Adjt. Reese	250
Fort Wayne, Ind.—Adjt. Alder	225
Mishawaka, Ind.—Ens. Hutchings	210
Traverse City, Mich.—Capt. Holland	200
Ludington, Mich.—Capt. Fox	200

CENTRAL SCANDINAVIAN DIVISION.

Moline, Ill.—Adjt. Malmgren	500

Is Your Corps in This List of 20 Percenters?

100 PER CENT

Emporia, Kan.—Capt. Unruh.
Alliance, Neb.—Capt. Steckler.
Waco, Texas—Capt. Casey.
Danville, Ill.—Adjt. Wight.
Rockford, Ill.—Ens. Symmonds.
Norfolk, Neb.—Capt. Broas.

80 PER CENT.

Fort Worth, Texas—Capt. Nicholls.

66 2-3 PER CENT

Peru, Ind.—Capt. Samsel.
Ottawa, Ill.—Capt. Kinson.
Jefferson City, Mo.—Env. Graham.

60 PER CENT

West Frankfort, Ill.—Capt. Hall.
Detroit, Mich., No. 6—Capt. Trevithick.
Tyler, Texas—Capt. Hurlburt.
Pekin, Ill.—Capt. Weber.
Springfield, Mo., No. 1—Capt. Shultz.

58 PER CENT

St. Louis, Mo., No. 1—F. M. Dunton.

50 PER CENT

Oskaloosa, Iowa—Lieut. Tubbs.
Chicago, Ill., No. 6—Capt. Gates.
Kewanee, Ill.—Capt. Ethridge.
Champaign, Ill.—Ens. McAlearney.
Fort Scott, Kan.—Capt. Amerine.
Dubuque, Iowa—Comdt. Clark.
Monmouth, Ill.—Env. Williams.
Goshen, Ind.—Env. Boogert.
Detroit, Mich., No. 2—Env. Broughton.
Beatrice, Neb.—Ens. Manr.
Marshalltown, Iowa—Capt. Walden.
Indianapolis, Ind., No. 1—Ens. Beasley.

45 PER CENT.

Fargo, N. D.—Ens. Larsen.
Green Bay, Wis.—Capt. Berling.

42 PER CENT.

St. Louis, Mo., No. 1—F. M. Dunton.

40 PER CENT

Arkansas City, Kan.—Capt. Crowell.
Richmond, Ind.—Adjt. Sherwood
Port Huron, Mich.—Field-Major Staiger.
Sioux City, Iowa—Comdt. La Plount.
Kansas City, Kan.—Ens. Seaman.

37 PER CENT.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Adjt. Lewis.
Aurora, Ill.—Adjt. Ward.

34 PER CENT.

Mexia, Texas—Env. Parker.

33 1-3 PER CENT

Granite City, Ill.—Capt. Dorsett.
St. Louis, Mo., No. 5—Lieut. Buchanan.
Muscatine, Iowa—Capt. Hall.
Indianapolis, Ind., No. 2—Env. Stewart.
Picher, Okla.—Env. Carmickle.
Brookings, N. D.—Capt. Stone.
Rock Island, Ill.—Ens. Aaserude.
Marion, Ind.—Capt. Calvert.
Chicago, Ill., No. 14—Capt. Youngman.
Mitchell, Ind.—Lieut. McFall.
St. Louis, Mo., No. 4—Ens. Moss.
Appleton, Wis.—Supply Shaw.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Adjt. Perrett.
Little Rock, Ark.—Capt. Boone.
Bedford, Ind.—Capt. O. Harper.
Racine, Wis.—Adjt. Redgrove.

30 PER CENT.

Shelbyville, Ind.—Capt. Ellis.

29 PER CENT

Tulsa, Okla.—Adjt. Malott.

28 PER CENT.

Macomb, Ill.—S. M. Rodekamp.
Pawhuska, Okla.—Capt. L. Thorn.

25 PER CENT

Gary, Ind.—Comdt. Moore.
La Crosse, Wis.—Capt. Whitworth.
Sheboygan, Wis.—Adjt. Bittorf.
Chicago, Ill., No. 1—Adjt. Sandgren.
Alton, Ill.—Ens. Myers.
Centralia, Ill.—Capt. Lomas.
Mankato, Minn.—Capt. Wiseman.
Omaha, Neb., No. 3—Capt. Hodgman.
Keokuk, Iowa—Lieut. Tulk.
Wichita, Kan., No. 2—Env. Dennis.
Lead City, S. D.—Capt. Hathaway.
Beaumont, Texas—Capt. Stiles.
Detroit, Mich., No. 1—Adjt. Fookes.
Junction City, Kan.—Capt. Redburn.
Detroit, Mich., No. 1—Adjt. Fookes.

23 PER CENT

Iron Mountain Mich.—Capt. Blanks.
Bicknell, Ind.—Capt. Hughes.
Manistee, Mich.—Capt. Bower.

22 PER CENT

East St. Louis, Ill.—Capt. Stevens.
Grand Island, Neb.—Comdt. Elwood.

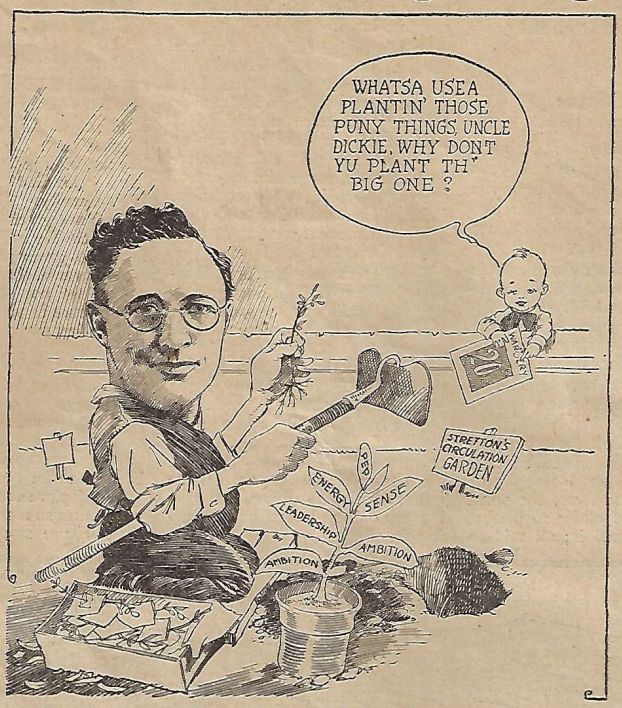
21 PER CENT.

Canton, Ill.—Capt. Overtake.

20 PER CENT

Terre Haute, Ind.—Comdt. Wiggins.
La Fayette, Ind.—Adjt. Vanderpool.
Minot, N. D.—Capt. Merchant.
Beloit, Wis.—Capt. Henningson.
Ishpeming, Mich.—Capt. Dermody.
Madison, Wis.—Lieut. Preston.
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—Comdt. Connor.
Bloomington, Ind.—Capt. Parsons.
Elwood, Ind.—Capt. Day.
Frankfort, Ind.—Capt. Millman.
New Castle, Ind.—Ens. Knapp.
Maquoketa, Iowa—Comdt. Whitson.
Superior, Wis.—Capt. Nelligan.
Mishawaka, Ind.—Capt. Metz.
Chicago Heights, Ill.—Capt. Maters.
Beardstown, Ill.—Ens. Davis.
Pontiac, Ill.—Supply Honing.
Anderson, Ind.—Comdt. Williams.
Ottumwa, Iowa—Capt. Walensky.
Princeton, Ind.—Capt. F. Myers.
Hillsdale, Mich.—Capt. Rawlin.
Omaha, Neb., No. 1—Ens. Keene.
Minneapolis, Minn., No. 1—Ens. Mallinson.
Sioux Falls, S. D.—Capt. Brewer.
Virginia, Minn.—Capt. Petrie.
East Chicago, Ind.—Env. Elcombe.
Baton Rouge, La.—Capt. Reed.
Eau Claire, Wis.—Capt. Johnson.
Muncie, Ind.—Comdt. Parsons.
Manitowoc, Wis.—Capt. Torgerson.
Pine Bluff, Ark.—Capt. Foster.
Vincennes, Ind.—Ens. Beck.
Linton, Ind.—Ens. Morris
Columbus, Ind.—Capt. Bernes.
Indianapolis, Ind., No. 3—Capt. Perry.
Pontiac, Ill.—Capt. Moore.
Alpena, Mich.—Capt. Kuchta.
Lawton, Okla.—Env. Robinson.
Boyne City, Mich.—Capt. Randall.

Time for Growing Things



Dear Uncle Dick: What's the use o' planting that puny little seedling? 'Specially when you done got that fine plant you started to grow in the pot. You did fine for a while, Uncle Dick. Made some nice increases; but the growing plant seems to have become potbound. Why not set it out and start cultivating it, Uncle Dick. We gotta lot o' confidence in you, Uncle Dick. Can't you show a little speed?

For Earthly Homes

(Continued From Back Page.)

and determined hatred to the wrong.

The distinguishing feature of the heavenly home is love.

As I have thought upon this subject it has seemed to me that a comparison between our earthly and our heavenly home may be carried out in a great many details, but best of all in this, its main feature, Heaven is to be the abode of love.

If we are mothers, let us teach our children what real love means. Do not let them imagine that they love one another merely because they kiss each other; but let us show them that true love means the deliberate choice of another's well-being — a seeking of the happiness of all.

I would say, with all earnestness, cultivate love. Love is a beautiful flower that needs the light, not a mushroom that grows in the dark; and God has given us many means of expressing it.

In conclusion let me say that every mother is empress of a domain, the importance of which to the present and the future generations cannot be estimated. If she will but give herself to her empire she may make her own laws, enlist the co-operation of her subjects ,carry every desired reform, and manage the affairs of her kingdom in a way that will yield to her the fruits—wholesome, sweet-tasting and enduring —of a perfect government.

The Most Popular Book

By Richard Lloyd Jones

(Copyright 1922 by Richard Lloyd Jones.)

WHAT IS the best seller this year? It is the same best seller of last year, of next year and of all years to come. The best seller is the Bible. It has been translated into more than 100 languages and has an annual circulation of about 5,000,000 books, testaments and portions.

How many thousands of books about the Bible have been written no man knows, and the average reader does not require the information, because the Bible, whether it is read as literature or as a religious guide, carries its meaning as directly to the untrained as to the trained student.

The question of what to read perplexes many who would like to make their leisure profitable.

Why not read the Bible? In it there is versification which later poets have not equalled, stirring narrative of great adventure, biography of great men who lived prophetic lives, the word which comforts, and a code of ethics so perfect that few men have yet attained it; all told so simply the child mind can comprehend the thought it inspires.

Because it fits into the experience of all, because it applies to the conditions of every age and land, the Bible is recognized as the world's leading classic.

No man can claim to be educated unless he has read the Bible. An "A. B." graduate need never blush for failure to have read any book except one. But the "A. B." who has not read the Bible is simply "Another Bluff." The Bible is the greatest text book of experience the world has produced. It stands alone in human literature in its exalted conception of manhood in character and conduct. It is the book of supreme wisdom, compassing the understanding of men in things secular as well as things spiritual and divine.

Library shelves are filled with great books, products of great minds, narratives of philosophy that have served a great purpose. But there is only one book that has stood the test of many centuries and endured through ages ever fresh and bright as an altar light when other writings have been reduced to ashes.

It is a plain old book. It is a book of poetry and romance, of faith and morals, but it is more than a book of religion and of revelation. It is a practical book, a working book, a book to live by, live into and live up to. It is the book which teaches every man his own individual responsibilities, his own dignity, his equality with his fellow men. It is the only book which, with universal application, shows every man how he may help himself most by helping others and be true to his God by being his brother's keeper.

It is the book which makes large-minded men noble-minded men. It is the epitome of history, philosophy, morals and inspiration.

No book was ever more fittingly named because Bible means the "Book of Books."

Faultless in style, our master writers, without exception, have attributed their power to their reading of the Bible. It is terse, graphic, lucid.

In Lincoln's life it was a whole library. It has been the one book in many transfigured lives. It is the book that ought to be familiar to every educated person. But because of our fear of teaching religion we neglect this wonderful book. It should be a part of every well-conceived curriculum. It should be studied as a masterpiece of historical writing and inspired literature.

In all literature there is no book comparable with it in pure morality, high religious tone, sublime conception, grand diction and rich imagery.

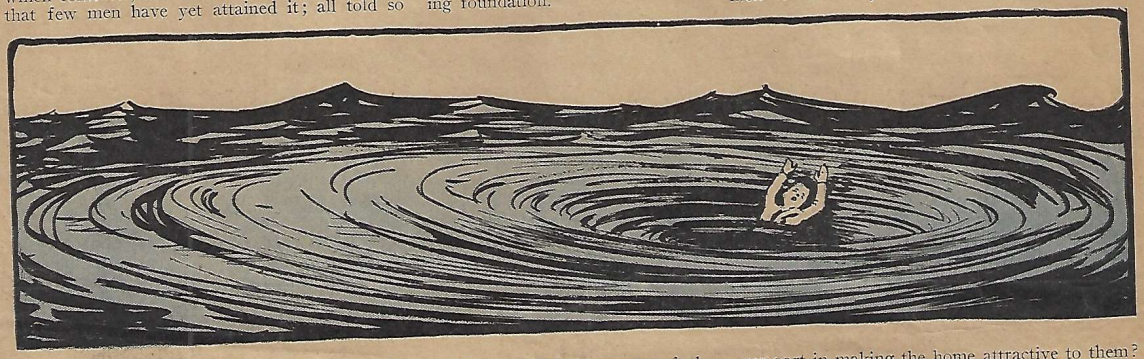
It is a pity that our modern system of education fights shy of the Bible for fear of coloring the religious freedom which is the prized heritage of America. We need more teachers to teach the Bible. Such teaching would broaden the mind, develop tolerance, and give literary culture a firm and enduring foundation.

The more the precepts of the Bible are tested by experience the more they shine, flawless.

The only code which is the same yesterday, today and forever, which is never outgrown, never old-fashioned, never impractical and always impartial is the ethics of Christ.

Ages have distrusted His doctrine in practice, though theoretically believing in it. But the longer we live, the longer the world endures, the more invincible do His teachings stand—the more we find ourselves in need of them.

The Bible is the one book we cannot do without.



Think It Over

A little more kindness,
A little less creed;
A little more giving,
A little less greed;
A little more smile,
A little less frown;
A little less kicking
A man when he's down.

A little more "We,"
A little less "I";
A little more laugh,
A little less cry;
A little more flowers
On the pathway of life,
And fewer on graves
At the end of the strife.

For Earthly Homes

Extracts From an Address by Mrs. Booth

THIS LIFE is, for us all, a time of probation. It is given us to prepare for the life which is to come. In this preparation the home plays a great part. The deep things of this present life are modeled on the plan of the future. We learn to do God's will now because we are to do it in eternity.

God has given us some pictures of the Home to which He will bring His children, and He has also given us some idea of the principles which prevail there.

Can we not model the earthly home having this picture in view?

The first impression of any picture of Heaven which we may conceive is one of beauty.

The description we have of that Home, with its gates of pearl, is intended, we realize, to convey this idea to our minds. Most probably the reality is so far beyond anything we can imagine that we cannot take the language too literally. But, at any rate, we cannot mistake that the intention has been to make the picture attractive to us.

We deplore today the lack of family life, and regret that so many young people choose to spend their leisure away from home. Have we done our part in making the home attractive to them? No amount of legislation or of work outside the home will accomplish this apart from the influence within.

The heavenly home is not only a beautiful place, but it is also well governed.

The qualification for admission is that those who enter shall be keepers of the law. "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city" (Rev. 22:14).

We most of us believe that the question of good or evil government has a great deal to do with the happiness and prosperity of a nation; but no amount of good government by the ruling powers can make up for lack of government in the family. We can put up with the mistakes of the different political parties if the homes of the nation are trending in an upward direction.

As far as we have any indication in Scripture, or any guidance from the traditions of Christianity, our heavenly home will be ruled in harmony with the principles of righteousness.

There, Right is King; and, therefore, to model the earthly home on this plan, means that we must exalt righteousness, and establish it at the hearthstone, so that by and by it may exalt the nation.

By righteousness used in this connection, I mean, first of all, a steadfast devotion to reality—to the opposite of everything that pertains to pretense and sham.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people;" and this righteousness as truly exalts a family as it exalts a nation. Those parents are truly great in the estimation of God, and truly noble in their contribution to their nation, who leave behind them, not a vast fortune, whether or not accumulated in their own lifetime, but sons and daughters, or dependents of any kind, trained in goodness and schooled in the principle of chivalrous devotion to the right,

(Continued on Page 15.)